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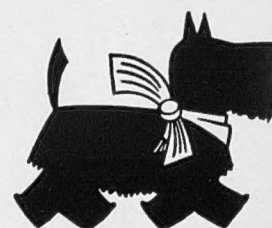
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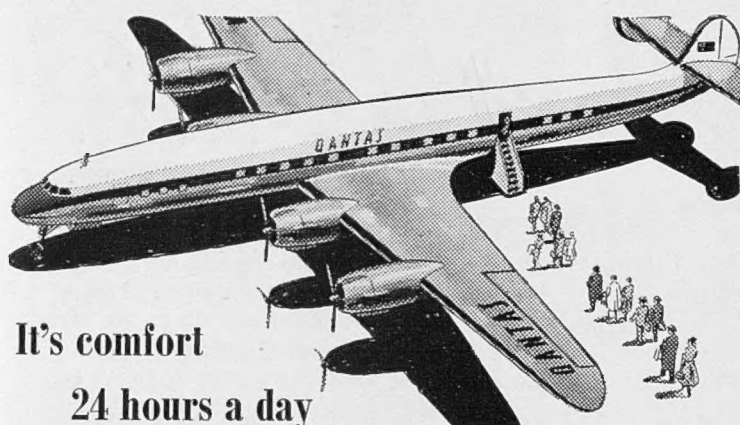
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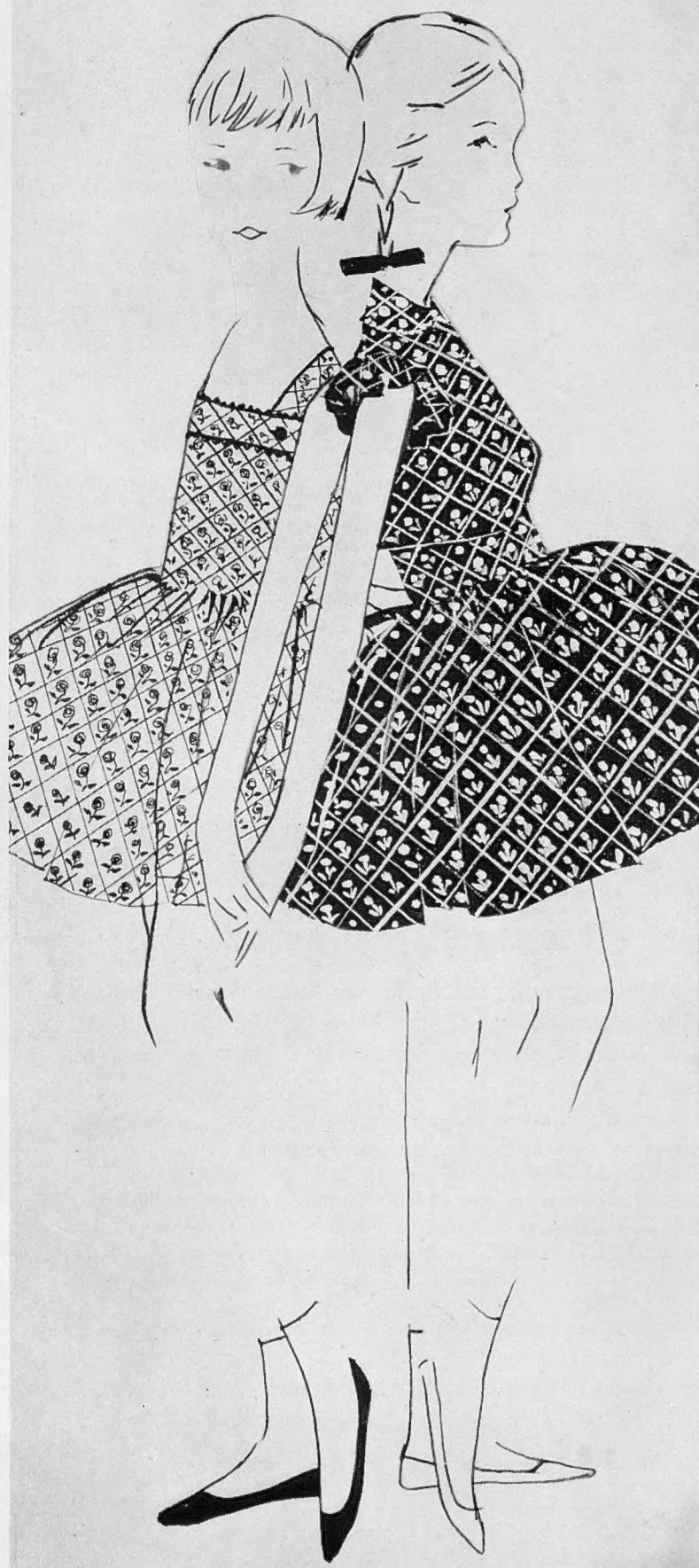
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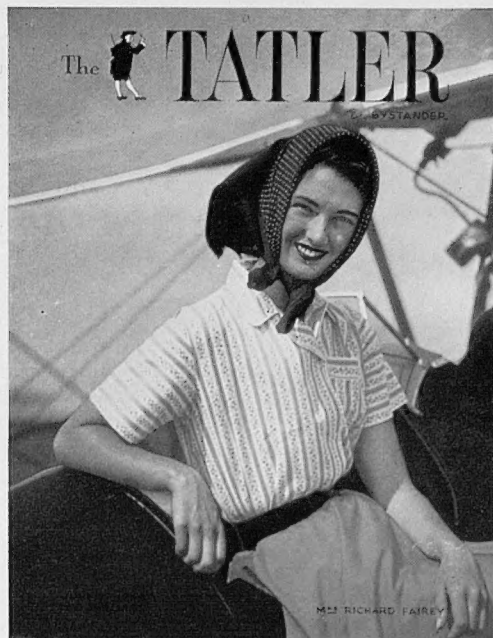
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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE





MRS. RICHARD FAIREY whose photograph appears on the cover of *The TATLER* this week is the wife of Sir Richard Fairey's only son, whom she married last year—her father-in-law is the chairman and managing director of the Fairey Aviation Company. She is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford, G.C.M.G., C.B., M.V.O., and a sister of Viscountess Norwich. Not only does she share her husband's interest in flying, having herself gained a flying certificate, but she is also a keen horse-woman and skier. The Faireys live at Ditton House, Pinkney's Green, Maidenhead

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 27 to July 4

**June 27 (Wed.)** Dinner party at Buckingham Palace for Commonwealth Prime Ministers. Reception for V.C. holders, Guildhall.

Dances: Lady Mary Burghley and Mrs. J. C. Quinell for the Hon. Angela Cecil and Miss Annabella Drummond, at Claridge's. The Hon. Mrs. Legh for the Hon. Katherine Palmer, Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Newbury (two days).

**June 28 (Thur.)** Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth appeal dinner, Mansion House.

*Night of 100 Stars*, midnight performance at the Palladium.

Dances: Lady Butler and Mrs. Stuart Johnstone for Miss Caroline Butler and Miss Caroline Johnstone, 6 Belgrave Square; Lady Nichols (small dance) for Miss Joanna Nichols, 35 Hill Street; Mrs. Harold Samuel for Miss Jacqueline Samuel, Hyde Park Hotel; Mr. Oliver Roskill (small dance) for Miss Susannah and Miss Mary Roskill, The Priory, Beech Hill, near Reading.

**June 29 (Fri.)** Cricket: Eton v. Winchester at Eton.

Dances: The Marchioness of Abergavenny for her daughter, Lady Anne Nevill, Eridge Castle; Mrs. A. L. Goodhart and Mrs. G. F. A. Burgess for Miss Joanna Burgess, Lincoln's Inn Hall; Mrs. Paul de Laszlo (small dance) for Miss Ann de Laszlo, Orchards, Munstead, Godalming; Mrs. Bryan Sanderson for Miss Merry Claire Sanderson, Scaynes Hill.

Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, June Ball.

Puckeridge Hunt Ball at Fanhams Hall, Ware. Racing at Windsor (two days).

**June 30 (Sat.)** Roehampton Polo Fortnight opens. Harrow School Speech Day.

Dances: The Hon. Mrs. Guy Baring for her granddaughter, Miss Patricia Baring, Abbotsworthy House, Winchester; Mrs. F. Elliott Allday for Miss Jane Allday, Old Manor House,

Halford, Shipston on Stour; Mrs. Richard Cannon (small dance) for Miss Victoria Cannon, Coombe Place, Lewes.

**July 1 (Sun.)** Polo at Cowdray Park.

**July 2 (Mon.)** Princess Alexandra at a ball for St. Marylebone Housing Association, Festival Hall. Golf: Open Championship, Hoylake (ends July 6). First night. Ruth Draper at the St. James's Theatre.

Dance: Mrs. Hill-Wood and the Hon. Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson (small dance) for Miss Bridget Mellor and Miss Jean Hely-Hutchinson, 40 Belgrave Square.

**July 3 (Tues.)** The Queen and Prince Philip go into residence at Holyroodhouse until July 8.

Princess Margaret at first performance of the S.S.A.F.A. tattoo at the White City (till July 7). Princess Alice at the Victoria League Ball, Dorchester Hotel.

Dances: The Hon. Mrs. Denys Buckley (small dance) for Miss Catherine Buckley, 40 Brunswick Square; Mrs. Arthur Jarrett and Mrs. Lionel Butler Henderson for Miss Susan and Miss Josephine Jarrett and Miss Jane Butler Henderson, Hurlingham Club; Mrs. C. M. Andreae and Mrs. Michael O'Dwyer (small dance) for Miss Gillian Andreae and Miss Susan O'Dwyer, Wentworth Club.

Cambridge Theatre Ball at Londonderry House.

**July 4 (Wed.)** Henley Royal Regatta opens (four days).

First night: *The Trip to Bountiful*, at the Arts Theatre.

American Society in London: Independence Day Dinner, Dorchester Hotel.

Dance: Lady Hambro and the Hon. Mrs. T. G. Talbot for Miss Sally Hambro and Miss Joanna Talbot, 6 Belgrave Square.

Racing: Newmarket First July Meeting (four days).

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Baron

## To marry a great soldier's son

MISS Adrienne Therese Morley is the daughter of Mr. Derrick Morley of Islanmore, Croom, in Co. Limerick and of Mrs. Edmund Seyd of Newlands, Edale, near Sheffield. She has recently announced her engagement to Capt. the Earl Haig, D.L., who is the son of the late Field Marshal the Earl Haig,

K.T., G.C.B., O.M., and of the late Countess Haig. The Earl, who is a Member of the Royal Company of Archers (Queen's Body Guard for Scotland), and a Deputy Lieutenant for Berwickshire, served in the war in the Royal Scots Greys and was taken prisoner. He lives at Bemersyde, Melrose, in Roxburghshire





Daphne Nixon

MRS. MICHAEL BRADSTOCK, with her children James, aged five, and Sarah, one and a half, at their home, Yokehurst Cottage, East Chilmington, Sussex. She is the daughter of Judge John Maude, Q.C., who married the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava last year, and Mrs. Maude of San Francisco, and granddaughter of the late Cyril Maude, the actor-manager. Her husband, who served with the Twelfth Royal Lancers throughout the war in the Middle East, Italy and Austria, is the elder son of Major George Bradstock, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Bradstock

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# THE STOCKHOLM OLYMPICS

THE Opening Ceremony of the XVI Olympiad Equestrian Games in the Stadium at Stockholm was a most impressive and colourful occasion. The King of Sweden, who declared the Games open, arrived in state in an open carriage with our young Queen who looked serene and beautiful in a powder blue coat with a little white hat and accessories. Queen Louise of Sweden, a dignified figure in darker blue, was in the following carriage with her nephew Prince Philip.

King Gustaf greeted members of the International Olympic committee who were lined up in front of the Royal stand, amongst them Lord Burghley, who is one of the two vice-presidents, and Lord Luke. The entry of the outriders with the great Olympic banner, followed by horses and riders of the twenty-nine countries competing in the Games, was a most picturesque spectacle. But I think the most stirring moment came when, after Prince Bertil, President of the Organization Committee, had made a short speech in many languages and the King had declared the Games open, the Olympic banner was hoisted, hundreds of carrier pigeons were set free at one end of the

arena and a salute was fired from the Olympic cannon.

Then a rider entered carrying the Olympic fire, kindled originally at Olympus in Greece; and galloped right round the arena with the flame burning brightly, stopping only when he had made the complete circle and was back at the entrance where from his flaming torch he lit the Olympic bowl which burns throughout the Games.

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands had arrived in time for this ceremony and like the King and Queen of Sweden, and our Queen and Prince Philip, attended the Equestrian events informally each day.

AFTER the opening ceremony, which was the last official engagement of the Queen's state visit, Her Majesty and Prince Philip went to live in the Royal yacht and were present at the Games and several other activities that week, but quite informally. On the day after the opening they were joined in the Britannia by Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

Several other Royal visitors were staying at the Palace as the guests of King Gustaf and Queen Louise. Besides Prince Bernhard of the

Netherlands there was Crown Prince Olaf of Norway with his youngest daughter Princess Astrid, Prince Axel of Denmark, the Grand Duke Jean and the Grand Duchess Josephine-Charlotte of Luxembourg. Also Earl and Countess Mountbatten and Lady Pamela Mountbatten.

DURING their week's holiday in Stockholm the Queen and Prince Philip gave a cocktail party on board Britannia for British and Commonwealth competitors in the Olympic events; with other members of the Royal party they attended a concert conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, a gala performance at the picturesque Drottningholms Theatre which adjoins the King's castle, about seven miles out of the city. This is a unique eighteenth-century theatre, with all the original scenery and curtains in perfect condition. It is open in June and August and something that all visitors to Stockholm should see.

The following night was perhaps the most brilliant evening of the whole visit. This was the ball of the Amarant Order, in the superb Golden Hall of the City Hall, about which I wrote last week. Seldom have more members of Royal families attended a ball. King



Gustaf and Queen Louise were present with Prince Bertil, Princess Sibylle and her three lovely daughters Princess Margaretha, Princess Birgitta, Princess Désirée and other members of the Swedish Royal family. Also the Queen and Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Olaf and Princess Astrid, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Grand Duke Jean and Grand Duchess Josephine-Charlotte of Luxembourg, and many young European Princes and Princesses—I was told that there were twenty-five Royal Highnesses at the ball! Tiaras, magnificent jewels, orders and decorations made it a glittering scene in an exquisite setting of candlelit gold mosaic walls.

★ ★ ★

I WATCHED some of the dressage of the Equestrian Olympics and motored out to watch the cross-country endurance test of the Olympic Three Day Event, which took place over a gruelling 21½ miles course around Ulriksdal. The Queen, who takes the keenest interest in these equestrian events, in which her horse Countryman was competing, came out to Ulriksdal too, and went from point to point in a Land-Rover, as did many others of the Royal party, and of the Swedish Royal party, including the young Crown Prince who was watching the competitors with his mother and sisters.

There were so many familiar faces at the Olympics watching the cross-country or the events in the Stadium, that it is impossible to mention them all. Among them were the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort who were staying on the Royal yacht, The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Burghley, Lord and Lady Luke, Col. and Mrs. Mike Ansell, Lt.-Col. Jack Talbot-Ponsonby, Col. Harry Llewellyn and his brothers and sister-in-law, Sir Rhys Llewellyn and Major Rhidian and Lady Honor Llewellyn, Major and Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, Col. and Mrs. James Hanbury and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Johnson and their daughter Jennifer. Miss Johnson had the added interest of seeing Radar, which she sold to the Australian team, going extremely well. It was splendid to see the Commonwealth putting up such a fine show with Great Britain the ultimate winner, Canada third and Australia fourth, with Germany filling second place.

MRS. VIOLET KINGSCOTE had come out for the event, also Mrs. Francis Lorne, Mr. and Mrs. Dorian Williams (he was one of the commentators), Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Marshall, Mrs. Donald Drew, Mr. and Mrs. George Jacobson who were with the Canadian team which did so well, and Mr. and Mrs. "Ruby" Holland Martin whom I saw near the difficult 24-25 obstacle.

I also met the Hon. Lionel and Lady Helen Berry going round the cross-country course, Mr. and Mrs. William Fife, Col. John Smith-Maxwell and his pretty daughter Ailsa, and Mrs. Laurence Rook whose husband rode Wild Venture so well in the victorious British team, which also consisted of the Queen's Countryman, exceedingly well ridden by Mr. Bertie Hill, and that magnificent combination Major Frank Weldon on his own horse Kilbarry, who were also third in the individual contest. To this great team and those who have helped in their training, we all say "thank you" for winning Britain's first Gold Medal of the 1956 Olympics.

One evening during my stay in Stockholm I went to a delightful cocktail party given by the Commonwealth Naval Attachés and Mrs. Hamer, Mrs. Scarth and Mrs. Clarke, to meet the Flag Officer Royal Yachts and officers of Her Majesty's Naval Escort. This took place

in the charming waterside home of the British Naval Attaché Cdr. Hamer and his wife, who looked very pretty in a green silk dress. Happily it was a fine, warm evening so that guests were able to stroll on the lawn to the water's edge. Among these were the First Sea Lord and Countess Mountbatten—the latter had only arrived by air that afternoon from Germany where she had been inspecting hospitals and St. John's units. Vice-Admiral Sir Conolly Abel Smith, the Flag Officer Royal Yachts, was greeting many friends from the Swedish Navy as well as our own Royal Navy.

I met Cdr. John Adams of the Royal Yacht Britannia, and Capt. M. L. Hardie who commands H.M.S. Defender, one of the escort ships. He was talking to Lady Grant Lawson. Cdr. Norindes, Commander of Sandberg, and Cdr. Celsing of the Swedish Navy were among the guests. Lady Hankey, wife of the British Ambassador, looking very chic in grey with a black hat, brought her two charming young daughters, Adele, who paints quite a lot of the décor for the Stockholm Opera House, and Julie, who works in London and flew over to stay with her parents for this very gay week.

Miss Anne and Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith were two other young girls enjoying this party. Col. and Mrs. Henry Carden, the latter very pretty in navy blue (she spent some time in Stockholm when her husband was Military Attaché at our Embassy), were meeting many old friends. They were staying with the present British Military Attaché, Col. David Smiley and his attractive wife, who were also at the party, as were Mr. Alan Michelsen, who is at the Embassy, and Mrs. Arthur Soames.

ON the eve of leaving for Stockholm, I went to quite the best dance in the country so far this season, that which Lady Chesham gave for her débutante daughter, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish and her nieces Miss Diana Wagner and Miss Jill Barbezat. It took place at Lord and Lady Chesham's home, Stonerwood Park, Petersfield, where they had a marquee built on to the house. The ballroom and supper room were the most attractive I have ever seen, built out over the terrace which was used for sitting out, with plenty of chairs and small tables.

From here guests went down the stone steps to the lawn where a specially laid dance floor was bordered right along one side, under the terrace, by a flower bed full of climbing roses and lovely summer flowers. Huge vases of peonies, gladioli and herbaceous flowers were arranged on pedestals on the opposite side. The whole marquee was lined with white muslin scalloped and draped most cleverly, with the band one end and the supper room the other end. This was divided from the ballroom by a green trellis entirely covered by white syringa, and the whole effect was of a fairytale nature, making a fresh, youthful and beautiful setting for a dance for young girls.

THE three heroines of the evening, all radiating enjoyment, looked enchanting—Joanna in a hyacinth blue silk organza dress, Diana in a deeper blue net embroidered with sequins, and Jill in pink lace and satin, all with long, full skirts. They made a fascinating picture as they stood receiving the guests with Lady Chesham. Lord Chesham was busy looking after their friends too. His charming mother Mrs. Francis Lorne, back for a few months from Rhodesia, was also there. A great friend of the family I met was Miss McMullan, Joanna's nanny for many years; who had returned for a few days to be present at her coming-out ball.

This really was an occasion for young people, and directly the very good band started playing there was an atmosphere of genuine happiness and fun which was main-

[Continued overleaf]



The Queen and Princess Margaret looking at Her Majesty's horse Countryman III after his fine performance in the Equestrian Olympics at Stockholm, in which the British team won a clear-cut victory



Ridden by Mr. Bertie Hill, Countryman III clears a water jump



The British captain Col. Frank Weldon (right) on Kilbarry, with other medallists





**The Amarant Ball** in progress in Stockholm's City Hall. Above, the Queen with King Gustaf Adolf, followed by Queen Louise of Sweden and Baron Carl Reinhold von Essen, the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Countess Estelle Bernadotte and Prince Philip, Princess Sibylle and Crown Prince Olav of Norway arriving in State procession

tained until the early hours of the morning. Lord and Lady Chesham gave a big dinner party before the dance, their guests including many débutantes and their escorts. A very large number of this year's débutantes and quite a few young girls who had come out in the last year or two were at the ball, and plenty of young men. All the young guests who did not dine with their host and hostess were in house parties or dinner parties given by friends of the Cheshams in the district. Among the hostesses who gave dinner parties were Mrs. Rupert Wagner, Mrs. John Hodgson, the Countess of Brecknock, Mrs. Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, Mrs. Lionel Montagu, Lady Jaffray, Mrs. Roger Hall, Lady Tichborne, Mrs. Richard Sharples, the Hon. Lady Meade-Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. Palmer-Tomkinson, Lady Troubridge and many more who I am sure thoroughly enjoyed themselves when they brought their parties on to the ball; possibly as much as all the young guests!

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a delightful small cocktail party given in their sitting-room at Claridge's by Mr. and Mrs. John A. McDougald, two very charming and well-known Canadians. The McDougalds, whose home is in Toronto, are very keen on hunting and racing and were able to see the Derby during their stay. Mrs. McDougald not only rides extremely well, but has also represented Canada twice in the Olympic Games as a figure skater and is ladies' golf champion of Ontario. For Mr. McDougald it was mostly a business trip as he is vice-president of Taylor, McDougald, Industrial Development Company and president, chairman or director of many other companies including Crown Trust Co., Massey-Harris-Ferguson, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

This charming couple, who have many friends in Britain, have just had their portraits painted and these were on view at the party. Mr. McDougald has been painted by Mr. James Gunn, and his wife by Pietro Annigoni. Both artists were present as were Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh, the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leggatt, Mr. Henry Tiarks, Sir William and Lady Rootes, Mr. Timothy Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Farrell from Vancouver, and Mr. and Mrs. Smithson Broadhead, from Virginia. Mr. Smithson Broadhead is a very good painter of horses and is often referred to as the Munnings of America. At the moment he is



Countess Douglas was the Mistress of Ceremonies at the ball



Princess Margaretha of Sweden and her sister Princess Birgitta



Crown Prince Olav of Norway and his daughter Princess Astrid



painting the 1954 Derby winner Never Say Die which that great American sportsman Mr. Robert Sterling Clark has so generously given to the British National Stud.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the loveliest débutantes of 1955 made one of the prettiest brides of 1956. She was Miss Jane Sheffield, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield, of Laverstoke House, Whitchurch, who married Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, son of Major Stewart-Stevens, of Balnakeilly, Pitlochry, and the late Mrs. Greville Stevens, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

The Rev. Simon Phipps officiated assisted by the Rev. P. N. Gilliat. Jane, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful dress of white satin and silk organza, with crystal and silver embroidery. Her long tulle veil embroidered with silver stars was held in place by a coronet of pink and white flowers. The three pages, Viscount Crowhurst, Christopher Penn and Struan Wilson were picturesque in knee breeches of Parma violet satin and coats of cyclamen satin trimmed with silver braid and lace jabots and cuffs. Their waistcoats were of mother of pearl brocade.

The bridesmaids, three children and nine older ones, all exceptionally pretty girls, wore extremely pretty long, full skirted dresses of lilac organza over tulle and taffeta, trimmed with bands of pale pink velvet. Their head-dresses were of pink and lilac coloured flowers and they carried heart shaped bouquets of the same flowers. They were Angela Sheffield, the bride's youngest sister, Davina Sheffield and Maria Stewart-Wilson, with Miss Diana Sheffield second sister of the bride, Miss Fiona Sheffield, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Caroline York, Miss Penelope Knowles, Miss Rose Lycett Green, Miss Elizabeth Hulton, Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne and Miss Henrietta Crawley.

THE bridegroom's uncle, Mr. Edward Hulton, lent his lovely home in Hyde Park Gate for the reception, where guests could sit out in the delightful garden. The bridegroom's father and step-mother, Major and Mrs. Stewart-Stevens, received the guests with Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield, the latter in a china blue and white printed silk dress and tulle hat to match.

Space does not permit me to mention more than a few of those present who, of course, included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hulton, also Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield and their family, Mr. George and the Hon. Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. Robert Digby, Major and Mrs. Eric Penn, Mrs. Patrick Needham, Miss Jean Faudel-Phillips, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield who have lent this happy young bride and bridegroom their lovely house in Jamaica for part of the honeymoon, Lord Carnegie and his fiancée the Hon. Caroline Dewar, whom I saw receiving congratulations from the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, the newly engaged Capt. Mark Jeffrey and Miss Sarah Garnett, and the Marquess of Hertford with his fiancée Miss Louise de Caraman Chimay and her mother Princess Alphonse de Chimay, with Mrs. Brocas Burrows.

Also there were Viscount and Viscountess Stormont, Lady Torquil Munro, Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne whose daughter was one of the bridesmaids, the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Gold, Miss Joanna Smith Bingham, very pretty in a yellow coat over a pale blue dress, talking to Lord Patrick Beresford and Mr. Gosling, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kirwan Taylor, the Hon. Prue McCorquodale pretty in pink, Mr. and Mrs. Euan McCorquodale, and Jane's nanny, Miss Trill, who was having a very busy day.

ROYAL Ascot opened in all its glory with the traditional Royal Procession which always adds so much colour to this glittering meeting. In the first open landau drawn by the famous Windsor Greys, the Queen, looking radiant in a cerise and white printed silk dress and a pink straw hat, was with Prince Philip, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse. They were preceded by outriders, also on Windsor Greys.

The Queen Mother, looking charming in blue, with Princess Margaret also in blue, the Earl of Dalhousie, and the Hon. Gavin Astor were in the next carriage. Behind them in another open carriage drove the Duchess of Kent very chic in navy blue lace and taffeta with a tiny navy blue hat. She was accompanied by Princess Alexandra in a red and white printed silk dress and red straw hat, Mr. Michael Brand, and Lt.-Col. Dick Poole, one of the most knowledgeable racing men among the Queen's guests at Windsor Castle. In the fourth and fifth carriages were other members of the Royal house party.

There was a very big attendance for an opening day, but on the whole the fashions were rather dreary, owing no doubt to the dull and cloudy weather. Among racegoers in the Royal Enclosure I heard much praise for the many improvements including the additional stand erected since last year. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill were watching the racing from the Jockey Club stand, as were the Aga Khan and his lovely Begum who was in navy blue lace.

IN the Diplomatic Box I noticed the Russian Ambassador and Mme. Malik, and the Cuban Ambassador and his lovely wife Mme. de Mendoza, who was one of the best dressed women present, in a neat off-white straw and grosgrain hat and a long linen coat of the same shade.

Racing that afternoon provided many surprises. Perhaps the biggest was when Lord Milford's two-year-old Messmate, having his first outing, started at 20-1 and won the Coventry Stakes by four lengths. Lord Milford and his trainer Mr. Jack Jarvis scored another success when Empire Way won the next event. Undoubtedly the best race of the day was the St. James's Palace Stakes over a mile. The six runners included the Guineas winner and three other Derby horses, the Queen's High Veldt and Sir Malcolm McAlpine's good three-year-old Ratification. The latter led all the way until the last stride, when he was just overtaken by Pirate King and Buisson Ardent in a terrific finish for which the photograph showed three of the shortest of short heads giving the race to Pirate King. More about the rest of Ascot and Ascot week parties next week.

★ ★ ★

TWO events taking place in the country next month are, first, the July Fair in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks Aid Association of Herefordshire, Shropshire and Worcestershire. This will be held at Berrington Hall, near Ludlow (kindly lent by Vivienne Lady Cawley) on July 12, from 2.30 to 9 p.m. Then on July 16 the Staffordshire Red Cross Festival opens its week. For six nights the play *Robin Hood* will be given in the open air in the grounds of Wooton Lodge, Ellastone (by kind permission of Major Alan Rook). On Sunday, July 22, in the grounds of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield's home, Shugborough Park, Milford, there will be an inspection by the Princess Royal at 2.15 p.m., which will be followed by a service of dedication by the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and massed choirs and bands.



At Royal Ascot, the Queen, Prince Philip, and other members of the Royal Family drove down the new mile on the opening day, described by Jennifer on this page. Above, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra in their coach



Sir Winston and Lady Churchill entering the Royal Enclosure



Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson with their daughter Miss Gay Lowson





*The bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, cutting the cake at the reception, which was attended by more than one thousand guests*

## MISS JANE SHEFFIELD MARRIES MR. JOCELYN STEVENS

JUNE'S most picturesque wedding took place when Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield's daughter, Miss Jane Sheffield, married Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, who is the son of Major C. G. B. Stewart-Stevens, of Balnakeilly, Pitlochry, Perthshire, and the late Mrs. Greville Stevens. The ceremony took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and a reception was held afterwards at Cleeve Lodge, Hyde Park Gate, the home of the bridegroom's uncle, Mr. Edward Hulton. The couple are spending their honeymoon in America and Jamaica. Jennifer describes the wedding on page 676



*Miss Penny Knowles, a bridesmaid, with Mr. David Bailey*





*Miss Caroline York, Lady Sarah Cadogan and Mr. Robin Gage*



*Mr. Peregrine Bertie and bridesmaid Miss Fiona Sheffield*



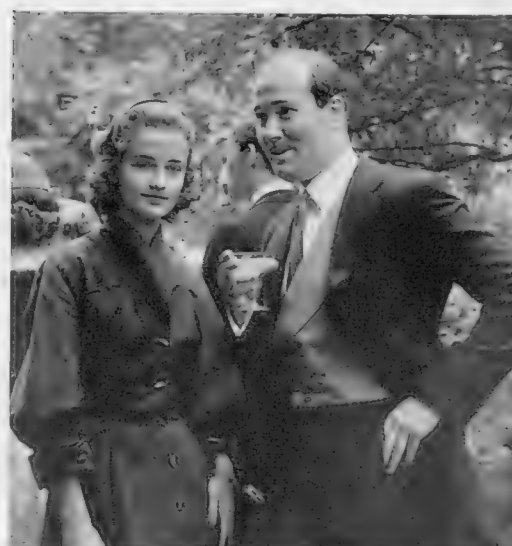
*Lord Carnegie and his fiancée the Hon. Caroline Dewar*



*Mr. E. Brudenell, the Countess of Mansfield, Capt. B. Stewart-Wilson*



*Miss F. Harcourt-Smith, Mrs. Bluey Mavroleon, Mrs. C. Oppenheim, Mr. M. Watney and Mr. D. Wilson*



*Miss Susan Clifford-Turner and the Earl of Brecknock*



*Christopher Penn and Struan Wilson, two of the pages*



*Angela Sheffield, Maria Stewart-Wilson, Viscount Crouchurst, and Davina Sheffield taking a rest after their ceremonial duties*

*Desmond O'Neill*





The Chateau of Chenonceaux, built by Catharine de Medici, dramatically lit and reflected in the water

## "SON ET LUMIÈRE" IS FRANCE'S NEW ART

*PETER DICKINSON describes how the French enact the histories of great palaces and chateaux in magnificent Spectacles combining clever use of microphone and floodlights. Below, technicians operating the Spectacle at Versailles*



THE Englishwoman at the Hotel Bon Laboureur at Chenonceaux had indeterminate English features, none of them redeeming. We had arrived at about six in the evening after a long drive and were only staying for one night; before dinner we walked down the road, paid our entrance fees and did the château rather perfunctorily; then we went back to the hotel and dined as soon as we could, so as to be able to go early to bed.

The Englishwoman was the only other person in the dining-room when we went in, and our table was next to hers. Through four long courses she listened obtrusively to every word we said, so that our conversation became a desert of silence broken occasionally by inane little freshets of small talk which dried up almost at once under the steady glare of her attention. Towards the end of the meal we stumbled on to another forlorn sentence or two about the "Spectacle de Son et de Lumière," to which urgent Gallic posters on the gates of the château had drawn our attention; it was an evening's entertainment which we felt qualified to miss.

Suddenly she leant across her table towards us. "Excuse me," she said, "but I couldn't help hearing what you were saying. I *do* hope you'll go and see it; it's simply thrilling. I go when I can, I'd like to come with you except that poor Georges *doesn't* enjoy it. He's my spaniel, such a darling, but very demanding sometimes. I *have* to live in France now because of those silly regulations about quarantine, which is rather a nuisance—not that the food isn't very good, but I have to look out for poor Georges' figure."

HER flood of quick, shy babble seemed to fill the room, though she spoke in no more than an eager whisper; between long passages of personal confidences she continued to urge us to go and see the *Spectacle*, and to go early so as to get a good place. By the time our coffee came it seemed the only chance of escape, so we trudged back to the château and paid our entrance fees again; all the way we praised Georges for his attitude to art.

The Château of Chenonceaux floats on the Cher like a solid fantasy. Catharine de Medici intended it to bridge the river completely, but the final arch eluded her somehow, and the building never reached the farther side and does not, now, look as if it wanted to. We were the first arrivals, but fairly soon we were joined by five American girls and then by some Frenchmen who had come on bicycles. We were all involved, in no time, as the dusk thickened and the moths came out and the smell of river and woods and cow-pasture drowsed on the evening air, in a Macaronic conversation about the carburettor of the Americans' car. We sat on the wall above the river and discussed it while the crowd on the terrace grew quickly larger and louder as the singing coachloads arrived, and the evening became a warm, dark, June night.

Suddenly the castle leapt into light and a man's voice boomed out of the woods; the loudspeaker made him sound more-than-human and the script-writer had given him language more-than-French; his vowels were lush, his adjectives thick and splendid and his larynx mellow with Burgundy. The lights changed, so that only the oldest parts of the building seemed to stand. There was a rattle of hooves and the slightly obsequious shouts of a royal hunting party; then the voices of François Premier and Diane de Poitiers, and Diane was mistress of, *inter alia*, the château. More history, still in the same creamy language, breathed from the castle or boomed from the wood; to the imperious voice of Catharine de Medici the spans across the river built themselves of light. Always our eyes were deceived into seeing only the lit masonry, though looking studiously one could just see the unlit parts of the building, like the dark face of the moon; but to the normally watching eye, even when the lights narrowed down to a single turret, that was all there was to see.

WE saw, as a result, more than we could possibly have noticed in our dusty inspection by daylight; details of stone work stood vivid and significant round a single window floating on the night, while the giant voices ran magisterially through yet another royal quarrel; then the whole château would blaze out, and blaze back from the water. It was later than we thought when we got to bed.

Next morning we startled the Englishwoman into a bout of silence by thanking her warmly, and drove off. For a while we were not so lucky; we managed to arrive in Avignon long after dark and had to leave before dawn, and so only managed to catch the fag-end of something tremendous at the Palais des Papes. But finally, at Versailles, we were given the full strength. There the rather flat face of the building makes spectacular variations of light difficult, but the gardens, with which a good half of the show concerns itself, acquired a visual excitement I had not dreamed of. Hitherto they



*The facade of the Palace of Versailles, reflected in the ornamental water. The spectators are placed in the foreground and face the palace for the dramatic presentation*



had seemed only enormous stretches of green with some dull formal waterworks and lack-lustre statues, with here and there a soft-drinks booth. Now the water leapt and flamed in the fountains, avenues and vistas reached away for a moment and then drowned in darkness, and even the statues were gay. The sound effects are tremendous fun and very well thought out.

All this is run from an underground room by a few technicians; the voices are those of the best actors of the Comédie Française, recorded. The initial cost of equipment and recording is high, but to keep the show going all that is needed is two men and a boy. Hence the popularity of the *Spectacle* with the people who put it on; its popularity with audiences is easily explained to anyone who has ever seen one.

It is possible that the *Spectacle* will come to England. Mr. Ian Hunter (who was Artistic Director of the Edinburgh Festival) is still, after three years of effort, promise and disappointment, enthusiastic about the idea. One would think that there were a hundred suitable places in or near London: The Tower, Hampton Court, Ham House, Sion, Hatfield and so on. But the Tower has picturesque but inconvenient security regulations after dark, the grace-and-favour residents at Hampton are not keen on searchlights and voices and crowds near their midnight courtyards, and so on.

ONE or two noblemen have been carried away by the idea until they realized that, although it was a splendid idea from Monday to Friday, when they and their scions are all snug in their various business flats in London, it wasn't quite so good at weekends. It is a pity that from Mr. Hunter's point of view Saturday is the big night.

Still, the thing is that Mr. Hunter is enthusiastic, and has great plans for next year. I, passively, share his enthusiasm. Granted a summer that leaves England feeling like something other than a green sponge, he will, I am certain, produce something new and smart and exciting. I hope he will also produce a script as typically English as that at Chenonceaux was typically French. So many of our leading actors have long been standing by to record for him that he can choose pretty well any style that takes his fancy. Perhaps he will settle for that of the Traditional English Drawing-room Comedy:

#### HARDWICK HALL

##### Act I. Sc. I

*(Confused noise of coffee-cups; crunching of toast.)*

"Lot of builders about, Smythson."

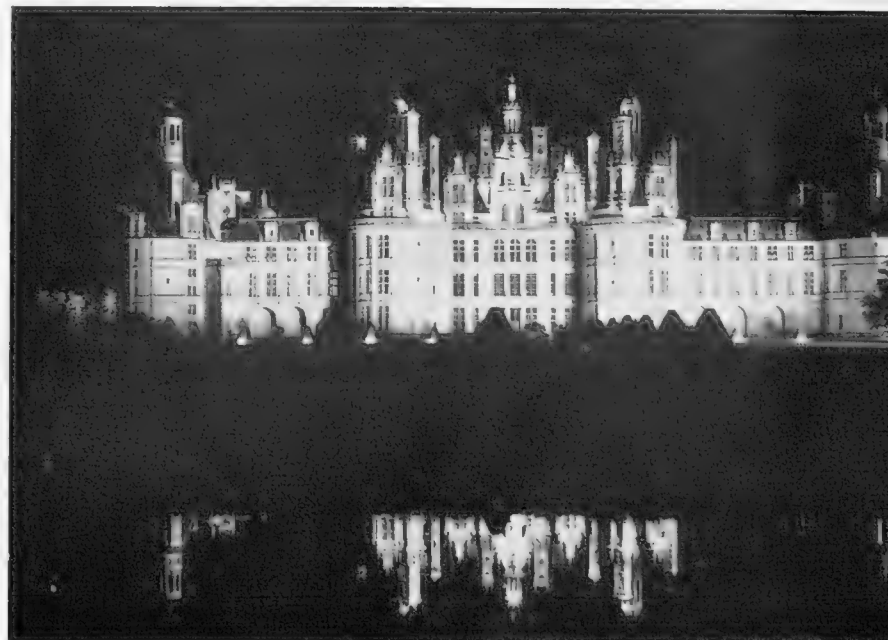
"Her Ladyship is *always* building, Sir."

This would at least give us a familiar starting point from which to learn to appreciate the new art-form. I like to think, too, that it would please our Englishwoman, even if it would still be beneath Georges' contempt.



*The fountains at Versailles (left). These dance to the sound of minuets and gavottes in the first part of the programme. For this the spectators turn their seats to face away from the palace itself*

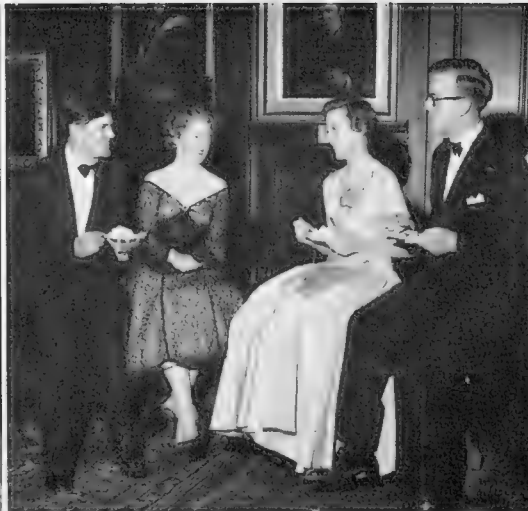
*The Chateau de Chambord (below) perhaps the most magnificent of all the chateaux on the Loire, and one which has been the scene of many important historical events*



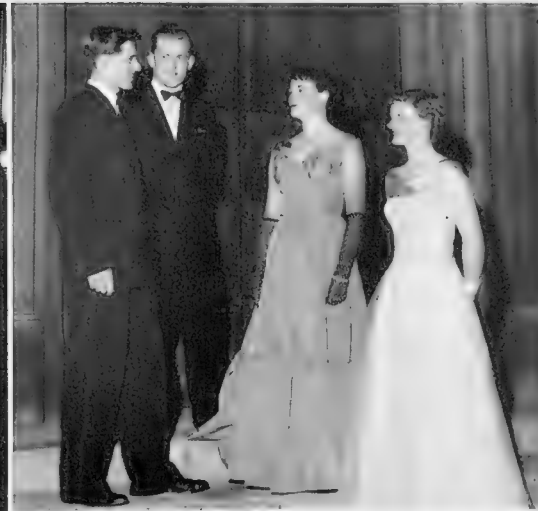




Miss M. Bromley, Mr. D. N. Williamson,  
Mr. P. Watkin and Miss B. Vowles



Mr. G. Gale, Miss J. Williamson, Miss E.  
Haggard and Mr. D. Penwarden



Mr. J. Stafford-Smith, Mr. J. Heenan, Miss  
J. Watney and Miss A. Cornwall-Stevens

Miss Jean Plackett was being escorted by  
Mr. Gordon Somerfield of Keble College

Miss Jacqueline Myles-White dancing  
with Mr. Neil Snowden in the marquee

Mr. Derek Sparrow, Keble, partnered  
Miss Doreen Keener in one of the dances



## OXFORD CELEBRATION

OXFORD Undergraduates rounded off a sunny Eights Week with a ball at Keble College. Four hundred guests wandered through the floodlit garden or danced in the marquee before having supper in the vast College hall



Miss Margaret Amlott, Mr. David Armstrong,  
Miss Elke Kirschner and Mr. Graham Ellis



Mr. Tony Manifold and Miss M. Beauclerk standing  
before a portrait of the College's founder, John Keble

Desmond O'Neill





*Miss Annabella Drummond and Mr. Alan Mays-Smith, Captain of Boats at Trinity*

## TRINITY BALL

THE First and Third Trinity Boat Club gave the first Cambridge May Ball at Trinity College. Dancing took place in a loggia, and gardens by the river were lit with fairy lights



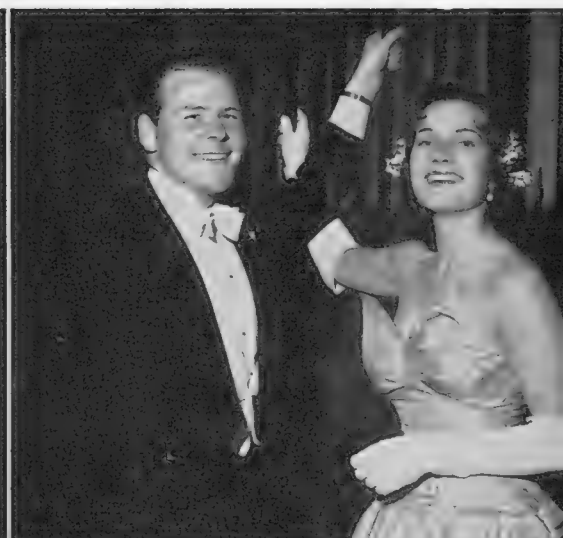
*Mr. J. Lunn, Miss Audrey Hardy, Miss Elizabeth Bailey and Mr. M. Love*



*Miss Brenda Plaistowe and Mr. Richard Bailey (Trinity) were dancing*



*Miss Langdon with Mr. Max Rendall, the Trinity Boat Club Secretary*



*Mr. Nicholas Fraser and Miss Elizabeth Gage by one of the ancient gates*

*Mr. Michael Monkland, Miss Sarah Jewson and Mr. David Nickerson*

*Mr. Peter Breyfogle and Miss Tessa Milne outside the library*

*Miss Belinda Stobart and Mr. D. K. Wilson out on the river*



EVELYN LAYE  
—CHAIRMAN

MISS EVELYN LAYE has sung and acted her way through many successful musical plays, including *Bitter Sweet*, and has made a debonair principal boy in many pantomimes. She endeared herself to thousands when she gave concerts during the war. Now Miss Laye is the Chairman of the Committee of the Cambridge Theatre Ball which is to take place on July 3. The Ball is in aid of the funds of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club



Anthony Buckley

## Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

NEXT Monday and Tuesday Christie's are to sell more than two hundred lots of eighteenth-century Nymphenburg porcelain, "the property of a gentleman," a unique collection of which the catalogue says that "its like may never be seen again." I wonder whether there will be the same tense feeling of suppressed excitement that there was in the same rooms only eighteen months ago, when a mere nine Nymphenburg figures, to which a whole catalogue had been devoted, in the firm belief that they would fetch £1,000 apiece—perhaps even as much as £10,000 for the nine—went in a matter of minutes for £35,647.

That was a sum of which the correspondent of *The Times* wrote next day, in a half-column, that it was "far beyond the vendors, the auctioneers, the experts present at the sale had

expected." And I recall that when I was invited to see them, before the public view, and was handling and admiring one of the delicate, pretty, fragile pieces, I asked the director who was showing them to me, "What'll they fetch?" and he said, "Oh, about £1,000 apiece, on an average," and I said, "Here, for heaven's sake: *you* hold it!"

WHEN I saw him next, he said, "Remember how you pushed those figures back at me, when I said they'd fetch £1,000 apiece? Well, I was putting on one side the pair that are going to New York at 10,600 guineas, and—d'you know?—I suddenly realized that *my* hand was trembling like a leaf."

All those nine pretty, playful figures were of characters in the Italian *commedia dell'arte*—Pantaloon, Harlequin, Colum-

bine, and the rest—and were modelled, as are most of the lots to be sold next week, by that greatest creative genius of this secondary but enchanting art, Franz Anton Bustelli. Virtually nothing is known of him save that he created figures incomparable for their wit and gaiety and rococo charm, for the newly-founded porcelain factory of a typical petty German princeling of the period, the Elector of Bavaria, who regarded such an establishment, he said, as "an indispensable accompaniment of splendour and magnificence."

ALMOST all that we know of Bustelli is that he was a Swiss, from Locarno—perhaps Switzerland's only answer to that gibe about the centuries of democracy that have produced nothing but the cuckoo-clock.



One of the nine figures, at least, was bought by the Victoria and Albert Museum—and I hope that when they came to label it they eschewed the American habit they fell into, in their catalogue of the superb 1954 exhibition of Bavarian rococo, of calling figures, “figurines.”

★ ★ ★

THERE will be mixed feelings in the minds of many Germans who read the announcement that Scapa Flow is to cease to be a British naval base. For although it was the scene of the humiliating surrender, after the Armistice in November 1918, of the German High Seas Fleet (“The German flag will be lowered at sunset,” ran Beatty’s signal, “and will not be raised again without permission”) and of the concerted scuttling, in June, 1919, it was also the scene of some remarkable German deeds of daring.

We all remember Sir Winston Churchill’s generous tribute, while the war still raged, to what he called “the feat of arms” of Lieutenant Prien of the German Navy, whose submarine braved the tides, the boom defence, and the depth charges, to penetrate the Flow in the first weeks of the last war and send to the bottom of the sea, in two minutes of torpedoing, our battleship Royal Oak, with almost a thousand officers and men—and escaped to tell the tale.

But the previous war saw no fewer than five similar attempts by German submarines, all in vain—the last of them at the very end of the war, after the mutiny of the Kaiser’s Navy at Kiel, by a submarine manned entirely by officers, all determined to wipe out the shame of mutiny, defeat, and surrender. The submarine was attacked and sunk, and the whole crew of officers perished in this last gallant throw.

HAVING known for almost all my life the story of Scapa Flow, and of the scuttling of the German Fleet, I had always thought—taken it as a matter of course, even—that the cant verb “to scarper,” (meaning to beat it, to clear out), was either a direct derivation from the notion of scuttling at Scapa, or else a piece of rhyming slang: Scapa Flow = go, but dropping the word that actually rhymed, as a Cockney will refer to his “plates,” meaning his plates of meat, which is to say his feet.

So the Admiralty’s announcement of the abandonment of Scapa Flow sent me to Eric Partridge’s great *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* merely to confirm what I thought I knew already—only to learn that the verb “to scarper” has been known to the world of strolling players, fairground showmen, and costermongers for over a century, and to find a quotation from 1844—“Vamoose—scarper—fly!” The word comes from the Italian, it seems, by way of that curious canting jargon of the more raffish Victorian world that was known as “parlyaree.” All of which is a lesson to me not to jump to clever conclusions but always, as Dr. Routh advised, to verify my references.

On that same chastening excursion into the library—how can one get out of the



LT.-CDR. GRAHAM MANN, R.N., is the Sailing Master of the Dragon Class boat Bluebottle which belongs to the Queen and Prince Philip. This is a two-year appointment and this is Cdr. Mann’s second season. He has taken Bluebottle to various regattas in this country and abroad and has done very well against stiff competition. Lt.-Cdr. Mann will take Bluebottle to the Clyde Fortnight where there are to be three Dragon Class events; two of them, the Duke of Edinburgh Cup and the Dragon Gold Cup, are international, and are also trials for the Dragon Class final selection for the Olympics at Melbourne

habit of dipping into every book within arm’s reach of the one you set out to consult?—I caught out the Reverend Mr. Sydney Smith in an inconsistency. For, nibbling my way through a recent work on St. Paul’s Cathedral, I discovered the wittiest canon in its history, the man who had once vouchsafed that his curiously un-Anglican glimpse of paradise was “*pâté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets,”

#### CAUTIONARY TALE

Poor tourist! With bewildering bait  
For him the eager anglers wait,  
And wheedle from his habitat  
Lurking leviathan—or sprat.

With tour, trip, cruise, concession fare,  
Persuasive programmes they prepare  
To hide the hook, and practised lore  
Employ to bring the prey ashore  
Where now, escorted, organized,  
Conducted, counted, supervised,  
In some strange landscape he’ll begin  
Feebly to flap a frightened fin.

The wiser fish will always be  
Lord of his own liquidity;  
Among the minnows stays content,  
Immune from baited blandishment,  
And hopes he’ll hear some angler say—  
“The biggest fellow got away.”

—Iain Stanger

writing in 1841 to the author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*,

Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your kind present of game. If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is the roast pheasant and bread sauce—barn door fowls for dissenters, but for the real churchman, the thirty-nine times articulated clerk—the pheasant, the pheasant!

Now I come to look at it again, though, perhaps there is no inconsistency after all. One dish he refers to as a glimpse of paradise, the other as a pure and elevated pleasure in this world. No, perhaps the canon was right: pheasant in this world, and *pâté de foie gras* in the next.

How geography conditions gastronomy. Here, as Sydney Smith observes, fowl is a commonplace, pheasant a treat. But in the Soviet Union, where steppes and birch woods teem with game, one of the cheapest dishes on any menu is partridge, and pheasant doesn’t come much dearer: it is ordinary domestic chicken that is the delicacy.

WITH the march of Westernization across the islands of Japan, the great days of the geishas are over, though the profession remains, and its members are not to be confused (as occupying G.I.s have confused them) with the dance-hall hostesses and pick-up girls of Tokyo. I have been reading an altogether delightful new book, *Three Geishas*, by a Japanese lady, Kikou Yamata, published here in English by Cassell, that affords a brief and tantalizing glimpse of the exquisite and gifted creatures, schooled to give delight, the whole meaning of whose lives would have been more easily understood in the Western world of troubadours and the Courts of Love than in that of crooners and beauty contests.

The most poignant example of the gulf of feeling and imagination between our own world and that other, so far away in space, and spiritually so far away in time, is in the story of Okichi the Foreigner, the real-life Madam Butterfly who devoted five young years of her life to Townsend Harris, the very first American consul to be appointed to Japan, until he sailed away, in the eighteen-fifties.

OKICHI was famous in her time for her beauty and her bearing, and for her tenderness to her lord. In our own time, the little sanctuary where she prayed for Harris in his illness has been renamed in her honour; there is a day named after her, and there is a memorial tablet; a play about her love, and a pretty doll called Okichi; a bamboo palanquin named after her, and a sad, sweet song.

But although it was by unhappy coincidence that Okichi’s museum, and the urn containing her ashes, were destroyed by an American bomb in 1945, it was a failure of the human heart, surely, that when the then American Ambassador visited her native town in the nineteen-thirties, for a festival celebrating the first American-Japanese treaty, he studiously stayed away from the play that the geishas perform in Okichi honour, on Okichi’s name-day, Okichi’s pagoda

M. F. Ullens de Schooten with his fiancée Comtesse S. du Val de Beaulieu



Miss Alexandra MacLeod and Mr. Michael Sanders

Mr. John Leaver-Shenley and Miss Angela Cecil



A. V. Swaabe

**LADY CHESHAM** gave a very enjoyable dance at her home, Stonerwood Park, Petersfield, for her daughter, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, and her nieces, Miss Jill Barbezat, daughter of Mrs. John Hodgson, and Miss Diana Wagner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Wagner. The three debutantes are seen (above) waiting to receive the guests. The dance is described by Jennifer on page 675

Mr. Jeremy Beare and Miss Christine Thorowgood

Mr. John Mein, Mr. Frederick Dalgety and Miss Tessa Kaye







Miss Felicity Drew and Mr. Shane Summers by the fountain

## A GARDEN BALL IN PARK LANE

JENNIFER writes.—The principal rooms of the Dorchester have never looked more beautiful than they did for the dance which Lady Sheila Durlacher and Mrs. Hubert Raphael gave jointly for their débütante daughters, Miss Elizabeth Durlacher and Miss Wendy Raphael. The whole place had been transformed into a garden of enchantment, in a colour scheme of palest pink to deepest crimson. Rambler roses were trailing over the gates of the restaurant, and on the adjoining terrace where small candlelit tables had been arranged out of doors.

In the circular Gold Room, where there was a bar, were panels of pink ramblers floodlit, while pale pink and white organdie curtains, also cleverly lit, divided the large ballroom with its mirrored walls. Part of this was used for supper, at tables decorated with pink posies and pink menus, and the other half for sitting out. In the latter half a fountain played in the centre, and huge tubs of pink rhododendrons were arranged about the room. All the floral décor had been done by Lady Pulbrook and her very able assistants. The Crystal Room, which was more dimly lit, was made to resemble a night club with crimson décor, and a well-known night club band. An excellent supper, with delicious specialities, had been prepared by M. Kaufleur, the Dorchester's famous chef.

THE two young girls looked charming, Wendy wearing white organdie over pink taffeta and embroidered in flowers, and Elizabeth a beaded blue satin dress.

More than forty hostesses had dinner parties for this ball, including Viscountess Maitland, Viscountess Vaughan, Lady Howard de Walden, Lady Mary Burghley, Lady Moira Combe, Lady Marks, and the Hon. Lady Lowson.

Among the young people dancing happily at this very colourful event were Lady Zinnia Denison, the Earl of Guildford, Countess Bunny Esterhazy, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Lady Clarissa Duncombe, the Baroness Darcy de Knayth, Lord Patrick Beresford, Lady Mary Maitland, the Earl of Brecknock, Prince Rupert Lowenstein, Prince Alexander Romanoff, Lord Bingham, the Hon. Francis Phillimore, Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot, Miss Tessa Head, and Miss Sally Raphael, Wendy's younger sister, and their half-brother and half-sister, Mr. Graham and Miss Heather Turner Laing.

The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
JUNE 27,  
1956  
687



Miss Wendy Raphael and Miss Elizabeth Durlacher, the debutantes for whom the dance was given

A. V. Swache



Miss Patricia Blagden and Mr. Timothy Roberts



Mr. Hugh Whitcombe and Miss Alison Bradford

Mr. Peter Comins and Miss Simone Lightman

Mr. James Dunsmore and Miss Isobel Mitchell





F. J. Goodman

MLLE. THERESE DE TRACY is a daughter of the late Marquis de Tracy. Her family, who were originally of Scottish descent, own the Chateau Paray-le-Fresil, near Moulins. This photograph was taken in Mlle. de Tracy's Paris apartment in the rue de l'Université

### Priscilla in Paris

## HOMAGE TO PIERRE CORNEILLE

FRANCE, very properly, is honouring the 350th anniversary of the birth of Corneille. During the past week, the Comédie française has been presenting the great dramatist's most famous tragedies to crowded houses, and the celebrated company of *comédiens français* has been working overtime, appearing nightly in the most exacting rôles of the Corneillian repertory.

I went to the opening night when *Le Cid* was given. It was the 1,269th performance since its creation in 1636 and in honour of the occasion there were new décors and costumes by Georges Wakhevitch. Needless to say there have been others during the between centuries!

I MUST confess to my shame that this was the first time I had seen the play acted. I had read it often, of course, the French mam'zels of my childhood having done their best to round off what, in their opinion, my London high school had left undone. The result was that the other evening I found it easy to sympathize with a certain old lady who, after hearing *Hamlet* for the first time, declared that it was a very fine play but far too full of quotations!

The grand old State theatre—known also as the Salle Richelieu—was packed with a most appreciative audience. I have the impression, although I saw such celebrities as Steve Passeur, André Rivollet, Gordeaux and Claude Baignères, that quite a few critics had deputized

their young friends and relatives to enjoy, in their lieu, the "nobility and grandeur" of Corneille's heroes and heroines and appreciate the "severe and dignified measure of his verse." (I wish I could remember whether I am quoting mam'zel or the high school.) Never have I seen so many eight-to-fourteen-year-olds in a theatre at night. Many came unaccompanied and behaved with perfect decorum, even when the iced "Esquimaux" and caramels came round during the *entr'actes*. During the performance there was not a fidget amongst them, not a rustle of a programme or the scrunch of a sweet!

AND how observant, how perceptive these young people were. While Don Rodrigue was delivering the exultant speech that describes his nightlong combat with the Moors I heard a young doubting Thomas murmur: "Not in that suit!" It had occurred to me also that the actor's fine suède top-boots and spotless doublet and hose ought to have shown some signs of the "broil and battle," but they were as immaculate as when they emerged from the costumier's handbox. I thought of Alec Guinness in *The Man In The White Suit* and was shocked at my levity. However, it was an evening of great elevation and we were properly impressed by the *Hommage à Corneille* read by Maurice Escande. The company of the *comédiens français* was grouped round the bust of the great dramatist that had been placed on a pedestal on the stage. A most felicitous moment.

Erudite British playgoers interested in the French stage should read *La Vie du Théâtre* by Robert Kemp (Editions Albin Michel) that has recently appeared. It is a volume of dramatic criticisms by the well-known critic of the prewar *Temps* that has now become *Le Monde*. These articles date between 1938 and 1956; they form only a small part of M. Kemp's erudite output and deal only with those plays that have been really worth considering. There is also a certain portrait of the late great actress, Mme. Julia Bartet, that is a masterpiece of exquisite melancholy.

WHAT a very disagreeable (but accidental) snub for our militant modistes, who are determined to rout the hatless brigade by showing that the *beau-monde* is wearing the extinguishing millinery that this spring has decreed. Front page photographs of Princess Sophia of Greece and her cousin Princess Tatiana de Tarn et Taxis, alone together on a shopping expedition in the avenue Victor Hugo, reveal that both young girls are comfortably, and therefore happily, bareheaded!

The tourist season seems to be starting early. Here also the hatless brigade is in full force but since June sunshine has retrograded to April showers, the touring coaches disgorge crowds of young people hooded as well as cloaked with the gayest variety of colours, as brilliant as the parterres of the Place du Carrousel. How wise to defy the weather so cheerfully! Even my elderly Josephine goes to market in a turquoise waterproof with headpiece to match! It is one of those transparent affairs and the effect, when she wears it over one of her flowered overalls, would puzzle even a chameleon's *savoir-vivre*!

SINCE the production, a year or so ago, of a spectacular film, the Moulin Rouge has become famous again as a dance hall, cabaret and variety house. It has the great advantage of space and air which are pleasant changes after too many cellars and low-ceilinged mezzanines. It may not be the Moulin Rouge of Toulouse-Lautrec in the naughty nineties or of the revues of Jacques-Charles that starred Mistinguett in her heyday between the two wars but it is, most definitely, still the home of the real "French Cancan" and the joyous playground of the multitudes.

For young tourists on their first visit to the Gay City it is as much part of Paris as the Eiffel Tower, Notre-Dame, or the Grand Opera House.



### **Jeunesse savait**

Many still youthful actresses can be found who are willing to play the part of old women on the stage, but not one will consent to play the rôle of a woman described as being: "of a certain age"!





Vivienne

**A London hostess who is also  
a distinguished sportswoman**

MRS. DIANA BARNATO WALKER is the daughter of the late Wolfe Barnato. Not only does she hold a commercial air pilot's licence, but she also hunts, skis and sails with enthusiasm and skill. She has just visited Stockholm in order to watch the Equestrian Olympics. Mrs. Walker lives in Tite Street, Chelsea



*Capt. David Keith was at the Show  
with Mrs. Keith*

## THE RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW

THE Richmond Royal Horse Show was held in the Old Deer Park, Richmond. This was the fifty-eighth show, and it attracted a record number of entries, and most of the leading show jumpers, apart from the Olympic team in Stockholm, took part in the events. Above: one of the features of the Show, the Heythrop Foxhounds' parade in the ring



*Lady Violet Vernon and Mrs. P  
Macgregor-Morris*



*Mrs. A. Smith Bingham and Miss  
Joanna Smith Bingham*



*Mr. Geoffrey Butler, Mrs. Cleaver and  
Mrs. Butler*





*The Earl of Westmorland, Mr. H. Smith and Col. H. Taylor*



*Lady Hardy, Lady Grimthorpe and Sir Rupert Hardy*



*The Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas with the Edward Prince of Wales Challenge Cup for Ladies' Hunters which she had won*



*The Countess of Westmorland on the way to the stand*



*Mrs. Richard Attenborough presents a Cup to Miss J. Maslin*



### At the Theatre

## A KISS FOR THE DUMMY

"MAN ALIVE!" (Aldwych Theatre). Waldorf is a shop's dummy (Brian Reece) brought to life with decidedly amorous instincts, while Mr. Hathaway the owner (Robertson Hare) finds changing places can be very uncomfortable. Belgravia (Joan Benham) is a dummy who views life with cynicism, Daphne Jameson (Wendy Craig) is one of Waldorf's happy victims, and Jubilee (Joan Sims), a dummy tartly resigned to perpetual adolescence. Below: Mr. Wembley (Geoffrey Dunn), a relic left over from the hey-day of the store. Drawings by Emmwood

MR. JOHN DIGHTON's new farce, *Man Alive!* at the Aldwych, has come in for rather rough critical handling, but I would give it two—though assuredly not three—cheers. It has a good farcical idea, and the author has striven gallantly to work it out in terms of its own logic. But the consequent strain on his ingenuity has unhappily been so severe that he has neglected to consider his comedians. Mr. Robertson Hare and Mr. Brian Reece are so tightly clamped into the fantasy that they can rarely wriggle free to be their own funny selves and the jokes given them and the rest of the company are mostly excessively tired jokes.

Still it is a pleasing notion that exposure to an ultra-violet ray lamp should start into life one of the dummies awaiting the winter sales in the window of an Oxford Street store. Mr. Reece has the profile and the smiling moustache that perfectly become an elegant dressing gown, but even in his own still life world he passes for a rather simple fellow. The other dummies, the indomitable charmer of Miss Joan Benham and the hideously ageless *ingénue* of Miss Joan Sims, recognize at once that he is new from the factory, and his obsessive interest in human women strikes

them as decidedly odd. However, the indifferent lamp does its deadly work on the simple dummy, his heart begins to beat, his limbs to move stiffly of their own volition and he can no longer hear what the disillusioned dummies are saying to each other.

He is a human being with only one idea. He wants to kiss every woman he sees. He starts in on a crudely romantic shop girl. She flies screaming to spread the horrifying news through the store, but there is no doubt that the kiss has made her day.

The store belongs to Mr. Robertson Hare and, coming blithely into the shop window to pep up staff morale for the winter sales ordeal, he soon finds himself called on to cope with an event which is outside nature.

HE copes with the chinny, prim respectability that we expect, but clearly the author is not going to have the proportions of his farce spoiled by any Hare "malar-kie," and it is soon "over to Mr. Reece." And the trouble is that there is nothing for Mr. Reece to do but to go on kissing indiscriminately. He kisses the sour tempered buyer of Miss Elizabeth Addyman

and presents her with a scarf warranted to bring out the blue of her eyes, and the years fall away from the embittered woman. He kisses the formidable house detective and presents her with a scarf that will bring out the blue of her eyes. The effect is the same.

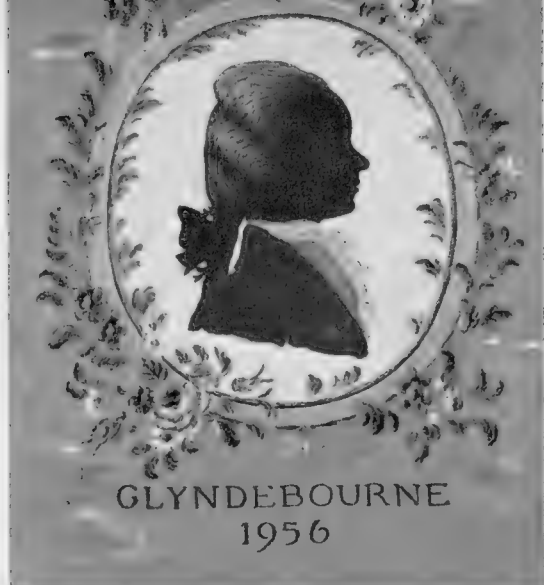
He kisses the boss's smart secretary of Miss Anna Barry, and though the treatment cannot possibly be new to her she responds to it no less favourably than the rest.

ALL this takes quite a time, and indeed it seems quite a time before Mr. Hare, trying with a new lamp to lure the animated dummy back into its proper world, is himself turned into a dummy (lamps, it will be observed, play a positively Arabian part in the involutions and ambiguities of Mr. Dighton's plot). Mr. Hare has often lost his trousers. This time he literally loses his head, which is held up as for the execution of a medieval mob at Temple Bar. There follows a period in which as a mute dummy he suffers the agony of hearing the still-living dummy encompassing the ruin of the store by orgies of reckless extravagance. But circulation is restored in time for him to put in an excellent piece of uninhibited fooling as a small boy mistaken for his own son. Mr. Geoffrey Dunn contributes an amusingly realistic grotesque to these goings-on.

—Anthony Cookman







Oliver Messel's design for this year's Glyndebourne Festival programme book



Mr. Robin Howard and Miss Pauline Vogel Poel were among those who came to hear the first performance of "Idomeneo"



Mr. John Christie, C.H., founder of the Glyndebourne Festival, was talking to Mrs. Gerald Coke



Van Hallan

Miss Roxane Houston and Mrs. Margaret Ellis were having a picnic in the Green Room owing to the rain



Miss Naida Labay, Miss Belva Boroditsky, Mrs. Milligan and Mr. James Milligan, one of the principal singers

## The secret of Glyndebourne

• Spike Hughes •

**I**F ever there was an idea to convince the foreigner once and for all that the English are mad, it is the idea of Glyndebourne. The English are notoriously unmusical and have failed for three centuries to persuade numberless governments that they are anything else and should therefore be entitled to subsidized opera like other grown-up countries; so they build an opera house miles away from London, ask you to catch a train just after lunch to get there, make the journey in evening dress, listen to a performance that begins just after tea, charge you two or three guineas a seat and then ask you to sit through operas by Mozart, the one composer whom the English have maltreated artistically more than most in the opera house.

And as if that were not a convincing enough catalogue of symptoms of lunacy, the whole enterprise takes place in surroundings where the English summer may be enjoyed at its wettest and most miserable—the English countryside.

Of course it doesn't pay. Opera never has paid, and it never will; but it is surprising how popular it can be and how difficult it is to get a seat at double the price you pay for a "legitimate" show when you want to get into something at La Scala or the San Carlo or virtually any of the world's big-city opera houses. All that is nothing compared with Glyndebourne, however; people advertise in *The Times* to get tickets for Glyndebourne, as though it were something really English and useful, like Wimbledon or the Lord's Test Match.

**E**SPECIALLY this year. When John Christie opened his opera house in 1934 it was an institution dedicated to the operas of Mozart and, apart from occasional excursions into Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi, that is what it has remained. This year, being Mozart's Bicentenary, the Glyndebourne repertoire is exclusively concerned with Mozart once more. It is surprising what a bicentenary will do for a composer; and even more surprising what a bicentenary at Glyndebourne will do for him. Here we are, in 1956, with an opera like *Idomeneo*—a really "difficult" Mozart opera because it doesn't conform to the usual pattern of his operas at all—not only being performed in England, but actually drawing a full house as the opening item of the Glyndebourne Mozart Year.

How, then, does Glyndebourne manage it? Luckily for those concerned, Glyndebourne has become part of what remains of the London Season. It has taken the place of The Opera which, at Covent Garden before the war, opened the London Season every year with tiaras and tails, boxes with subscribers' names on the door and the press room filled with overworked, overweight "social editresses" knocking back double Scotches between desperate attempts to justify the annual claim that the Season was *definitely* the most brilliant since before the war—1914-18, that is.

**G**LYNDEBOURNE has inherited, if not the Covent Garden box-holders, at least their children. It is no use anybody pretending that a Glyndebourne audience is more than 50 per cent musical; it is scarcely even 50 per cent intelligent. You can sit in the auditorium there surrounded by young people who have never been inside an opera house before and may well never go inside one again. They are there because a visit to Glyndebourne has become a social "must."

I'm a sucker for psychology when it brings in money, and it will always continue to do so at Glyndebourne so long as there is that long seventy-five-minute dinner interval. It is then that the management makes friends and influences people. I know; for I was once music critic on a national daily and I found I never wrote a bad notice of Glyndebourne. The dinner interval ensured that.

Today, the Christie cellar isn't what it was (it was heartbreaking to read of the sale of all those lovely 1933s during the war), but the air of picnicking still prevails; and indeed more so than in my youth, for now nearly everybody does tricks with plates on laps and ice-buckets in the boot. All right, it isn't (thank heavens) the democratization of opera; but if you'd told Mr. Christie twenty years ago that people in Jaguars and Bentleys and MGs would be coming to listen to Mozart—I think he'd have believed you. Glyndebourne is never really surprised at anything.

And that, let me assure you, is the way to run any opera house.



RHONDA FLEMING, in Columbia's Technicolor and Cinemascope *Odongo*, which comes to London in August, takes the part of a dedicated veterinary surgeon whose sudden arrival at an animal farm in Kenya causes a stir in the life of a white hunter, played by MacDonald Carey

TYRONE POWER and a junior member of the cast are here depicted in one of the scenes from *The Eddy Duchin Story*, opening in London in July. It is a biography of pianist Eddy Duchin, once the rage of New York, who married and found happiness with a famous beauty

## At the Pictures

# THE DIM PROSPECT THROUGH A HALTER

*Elsbeth Grant*

WHETHER or not you believe in capital punishment, I think you will be deeply moved by *Yield To The Night*, Mr. J. Lee Thompson's film of Miss Joan Henry's, to me, heart-rending book about a perfectly ordinary young woman awaiting execution in the condemned cell of a London prison. It is not, you say to yourself, perfectly ordinary to commit murder—and, indeed, neither you nor I have ever done so. Yet, as you watch this poignant film, you will feel that Mary Hilton (Miss Diana Dors) is not far removed from one of us: whatever her crime, she is still such a very human being.

Mary Hilton has shot the woman who lured away her lover (Mr. Michael Craig) and drove him to suicide—and so she is to die.

THE shooting is dramatic, but the real drama lies in that grim cell and the mounting terror of the doomed girl. Had we been guilty of her sin or folly, is this what would have happened to us?

Is this how the days and nights would drag by, while we waited for the reprieve we knew in our hearts would never come? Would we so toss and turn in the iron bed under the bright, caged eye of light in the ceiling and the deliberately dispassionate gaze of two prison guards?







Diana Dors, as a condemned murderess in *Yield To The Night*, is guarded not without compassion by prison wardress Yvonne Mitchell

Would we have to eat our fried egg for breakfast with a spoon and submit to having our fingernails cut for us, while having our bath, by a wardress more concerned with the tardiness of the colleagues who were to relieve her, than the plight of us, for whom there is no relief? Would we be so weighed and measured by a careful prison doctor, our blood pressure taken, a blister on the heel meticulously treated in case our death by septic poisoning should cheat the gallows?

Would we, too, wait to hear the footsteps of the prison governor, morning after morning, in the trembling half-belief that she might bring news of a successful appeal? Would we, too, listen, dumb as an animal, to her message—delivered, as one feels, in sternly controlled personal anguish—that “the execution will take place on Thursday”?

Yes. Such is the profound integrity of Mr. Lee Thompson’s direction, and such the searing sincerity of Miss Dors, I believe implicitly that we would.

Miss Dors is a young actress whose surface glamour has sometimes blinded us to the talent within, which nobody now can possibly fail to recognize. Her performance here will haunt me for a long time, and I shall not soon forget Miss Yvonne Mitchell as a compassionate guard, Miss Athene Seyler as a wise and kind prison visitor, and Mr. Geoffrey Keen as the prison chaplain with grief in his eyes.

A REMARKABLE and impressive reconstruction, *Ten Days To Die*, is brilliantly directed by the Austrian veteran, Herr G. W. Pabst, of the drama that ensued in Hitler’s impregnable bunker while Berlin was falling.

Hitler (Herr Albin Skoda), clearly a raving madman, still dreams of victory and, surrounded by his dazed and hopeless generals, his astrologers and the dedicated Goebbels (Herr Willy Krause), plans to move non-existent armies to positions long since lost. Nobody dares, on pain of death, tell him the truth.

He screams his order for the flooding of the Berlin underground—and it is blindly obeyed: thousands of civilian refugees and wounded Servicemen are drowned, pitilessly. “They were not worthy of me,” shouts the megalomaniac.

In the bunker’s great canteen, troops and girls drink and make love frenziedly as Hitler goes through a ghastly wedding ceremony with Eva Braun (Fraulein Lotte Tobisch)—prelude to the double suicide and the burning of their bodies in a shallow pit in the debris-strewn garden. This is a blood-curdling film which must, nevertheless, be seen.

“TOUCHEZ PAS AU GRISBY” means, I understand, “Hands off the loot”—but the English title given to this French thriller is rather more refined: *Honour Among Thieves*. M. Jean Gabin, who has now mastered completely the art of speaking without moving a single muscle, plays a highly respected gangster, looks like a well-tailored monolith and pads through the film on feet that seem a little tired of carrying his weight.

M. Jacques Becker, whose direction also ambles somewhat, towards the end suddenly jazzes the whole thing up—and the screen is full of crackling machine-guns, bursting grenades, blazing cars and violent death. It’s a good climax but the progress towards it is far too slow.



BRANDON DE WILDE, the thirteen-year-old boy actor, first achieved notice at the age of seven in *The Member For The Wedding* and later gave an outstanding performance in *Shane*. In Warner Brothers *Goodbye My Lady*, now at Studio One, he appears as a small boy who makes a pet of a valuable lost dog—Lady, a member of the rare Basenji breed—and then has to face the problem of its return



## WILLIAM MORRIS'S GREAT PUPIL

SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, who died this month at the age of 89, excelled in all the visual arts, but it was his murals, painted in famous buildings all over the world, that earned him his international repute. For some years he was a pupil of William Morris. He became an A.R.A. in 1904, an R.A. in 1919, and was knighted in 1941. He lived in his later years at Ditchling in Sussex. This photograph was taken recently by Allan Chappelow

### Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

## DWELLERS IN THE WILDERNESS

NO reviewer surveying important new books should, I feel, fail to comment on *The Outsider* (Gollancz, 21s.). Not often has a work based chiefly on thought attracted such immediate critical notice, or bid fair to be so widely discussed. The author, Colin Wilson, is twenty-four—an age more associated with talk (till all hours), and with firework theories, than with sober, sustained, written-down diagnosis. Mr. Wilson shows that a brilliant young mind can stay the course. In subtitled his book “An inquiry into the nature of the sickness of mankind in the mid-twentieth century,” he has saddled himself with no claim that he cannot justify.

Each age of civilization and mankind has had, it may be said, its representative figure—the Hero, or the Saint, or the Rebel, and so on. What is the figure most typical of our own? Mr. Wilson's contention is—the Outsider.

By “the Outsider,” one must be clear, he does *not* mean someone excluded, by birth or chance, from that enviable golden circle, Society. What he has in mind is the kind of person who feels himself off at a tangent from what goes on; who lacks conviction as to so-called “realities;” who feels himself to be spying upon life, from the outside, rather than taking part in it. The Outsider cannot be content with things on the surface—as are, or appear to be, other men. For close beneath, he believes, lie chaos and anarchy. The Outsider, wherever he is, feels himself alien. Shakespeare's Prince Hamlet offers an example.

This book touches on Hamlet. But far afield from Shakespeare has Mr. Wilson ranged in his search for Outsider prototypes. Rightly, having his contemporary theme in view, he keeps where possible to the twentieth century. Modern French novelists, Barbusse, Sartre, Camus, have directed special attention to this character: Existentialism might be called Out-

sider literature. The late H. G. Wells in pessimistic old age subscribed to the Outsider point of view. Two playwrights, notably Bernard Shaw and Granville Barker, effectively dramatized the Outsider. He was foreshadowed (before our century dawned) by the Romantics, particularly the Germans, and, not less, by two wellnigh prophetic Russian novelists, Dostoevski and Tolstoy. America's Ernest Hemingway, in his more youthful work, is spokesman (says Mr. Wilson) for the Outsider.

TORMENTED Vincent Van Gogh and the doomed Nijinsky further illustrate *The Outsider's* argument. Which raises the question—do all artists (in whatever field) tend to be Outsiders? No, says Mr. Wilson, definitely not: a great number of geniuses, painters, musicians, poets—he instances Keats and, one infers, Shakespeare—have been strikingly otherwise. Against that, many Outsiders *are*, also, artists. Is the Outsider ever a man of action? Yes: Mr. Wilson



instances Lawrence of Arabia—whose complex self-searching writings are, as it were, the inverse of his forthright achievement.

Does the Outsider wish to cease to be what he is? Yes, definitely he desires a solution. In the later, constructive chapters of his book Mr. Wilson indicates how and where solution possibly may be found. His studies of three mystics, George Fox, Thomas Traherne, William Blake, are illuminating. . . . I would venture one query—might it not be, conceivably, that Outsiders are not so much a psychological group as an age-group? Are not the sensations of Outsider-ness common to almost all of us (at least, to any of us who are to any degree thoughtful, imaginative or self-analytical) in our growing years? Unreality is a nightmare of adolescence. If the Outsider dominates the present-day scene, may this not be because we live in an age in which it becomes difficult to grow up? Or, when those who *have* grown up are, for some reason, less articulate than those who have yet to do so?

Thunderstruck by the amount this author has read, the reader cannot but be impressed by the good use to which he puts his material. *The Outsider* is well constructed, it is easy to follow the line of thought. I do regret that there is no index.

★ ★ ★

A NOVEL by a Hungarian author, Eva Boros, although writing in English—and far better English than many of us command!—has taken for setting her own country. Few of us who ever knew Budapest and the surrounding landscape will read *The Mermaids* (Rupert Hart-Davis, 13s. 6d.) without a pang of regret for the magic from which we are now shut off, and the shattered enchantment of the Danubian capital. The spires, the sun-tinted palace on the old hill, the lively bridges, the night-time necklace of lights reflected on the quivering river, the café music—all live again here. The time of the happenings is 1936; the opening is on a Budapest summer evening.

The hold of *The Mermaids* on one is more, however, than romantic personal memories can account for. Here is a most curious love story, which yet brings with it a universal truth. Aladar, a lonely middle-aged business man, meets in a café the young girl Lalla—talkative yet aloof, with peroxide hair. Who is she; what is her true story? Not, clearly, the fanciful yarn she spun him. She has the air (as might a mermaid) of belonging more than half in some other element. She swings herself on to a bus in the dusk and vanishes.

Not, however, for good. Later, to Aladar comes a letter, inviting him to visit her in the sanatorium, outside the city, of which she is an inmate. Lalla—Italian, far from her home and family—is a consumptive. From now begins, for Aladar, a relationship which gradually absorbs him. The sanatorium, high on a wooded hilltop, is a world in itself: here he meets Lalla's fellow "mermaids"—shy, teasing Franciska, black-haired Kati—and the Count, who, out-patient living in the village, acts as elderly bodyguard to the three sick enchantresses. Miss Boros conveys the atmosphere of the place with, I think, something approaching genius; also, she takes us with her into the heart of Aladar—forever hoping, and cheated: "eternal visitor." *The Mermaids* has a beauty hard to pin down. This book, I can only say, haunts me: I must re-read it.

*Wisden* for 1956 provides in its thousand-plus pages of lively writing and immaculate statistics a massive, self-contained argument against the pessimistic view of cricket, somewhat too prevalent of late years, though lessening now. Required reading for the enthusiast, and recommended for the Laodicean, it costs 15s., or 17s. 6d. with stouter binding.



## A RECEPTION IN SUSSEX

MEMBERS of the Victoria League and overseas visitors met at the house of Lady Price at Wakehurst Place, Ardingly, in Sussex. Princess Alice, President of the League, is seen talking to Col. E. G. H. Clarke, the League's Secretary, and Miss Audrey Mar-Gerrison



Lady Rupert Nevill and Lady Harcourt were having tea in the marquee on the lawn

Van Hallan

Lady Price and Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, the chairman of the League

The Hon. Gavin Astor, son and heir of Lord Astor, was talking to Mrs. Clarke





by Isobel

Vicomtesse d'Orthez

*Fashion Editress*

*Photographs by  
Armstrong Jones*

# RACING THIS SUMMER

LADY MOOREA HASTINGS, eldest daughter of the 15th Earl of Huntingdon, wearing Digby Morton's Terylene dress in a wonderful giant flower print which is blended in a variety of greens. Slim, with a high waistline, it has a matching caftan lined with black. With it is a loose matching coat which is lined with black. The high-tiered black straw hat is by Rudolf. Lady Moorea wore this enchanting dress and hat to Ascot this year. Opposite page: Mrs. Jack Buchanan wearing an Ascot dress in Terylene by Michael. It buttons down the front and has a delicately scrolled black print on white. The skirt is flared and has a large shawl collar







Some of the racehorses for which the Lambourne district is celebrated

THESE photographs were taken at the famous racehorse training centre at Lambourne on the downs near Newbury, and the clothes shown have all been chosen for the racegoer who wants to be smart, warm and comfortable. Below, in one of trainer Mr. Fulke Walwyn's paddocks, the retired Mont Tremblant looks at Bickler's all wool classic white coat, with deep envelope pockets which will be a top favourite this summer. Approximately 11 gns. at Dickins and Jones

## Among the thoroughbreds







Michel Molinare

ANOTHER winner that will take you through the bleakest race meeting or icy point-to-point is Matita's rose coloured mixture tweed suit, which has a straight skirt, easy to walk in, a soft classic jacket with large buttons, and to wear over it a straight threequarter length knit-weave coat with large patch pockets. This trio costs 43½ gns. and comes from Woollands





*Enterprise  
with tweed*

**T**WEED, which has been woven in the British Isles for many hundreds of years, is becoming more and more adaptable and more and more varied in texture and colouring as realization spreads that it is the perfect material for soft tailoring. Designers have lately favoured the tweed three-piece; the suit in a fine material, and the overcoat in coarser, thicker tweed to match and tone with the suit. An example is Mattli's fine Otterburn tweed suit, camel hair and lambswool mixture, outlined in wool braid. The coat matches and has a black seal collar (opposite page)

## ENGLISH TOUCH

Mattli's Linton tweed suit (above) in a beige and brown mixture. Square bust-line repeated on the pockets. Straight skirt and classic coat to match

At Lambourne: Spectator Sports' open weave wool slacks, high toned in red and yellow stripes. Worn over the trousers is a bright yellow sports shirt worn open at the neck or buttoned

Roter's rough wool jersey two-piece suit in pale grey (far right) with raglan sleeves, deep pockets, straight skirt. Poncho by a Mexican Indian. Photographed outside the home of the amateur rider, Bob McCreerey









CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

LACE WITH ITS





John French

## PERENNIAL CHARM

LACE has always been a favourite with designers for evening and cocktail wear, and every wardrobe should contain a lace dress or suit, as few materials are more feminine and flattering or provide a better foil for jewellery and furs. Rima's exquisitely worked snuff-coloured lace dress mounted on self-coloured pure silk paper taffeta has a delicate rose pattern graduating into full-blown roses at the hem. 47 gns. Worn over it (left) is a superb silver-grey mink stole, £449. The jewellery (bottom left) comprises matching rhinestone necklace and bracelet, 10 gns each, and earrings, 2 gns. The white and silver beaded clutch purse costs £8 9s. 6d., suede gloves £4 7s. 6d. Dress, fur and all accessories from Harrods



Two lovely belts that give a finishing touch: A white satin belt with embroidered rose design, £3 13s. 6d., and a black and white velvet belt, £1 5s. Fortnum and Mason

French kid handbag with side scrolls, price £65 10s., and black embroidered suede gloves, £3 15s. from Fortnum and Mason

## Tailored to cocktail time

*THESE beautiful fashion accessories are just what is needed to give glitter and grace to cocktail parties, which are in full swing at the moment. They should be much in demand during this social season*

—JEAN CLELAND



Short black jersey gloves embroidered with diamante and pearls at the wrist. Price £1 2s. 6d. from Fortnum and Mason

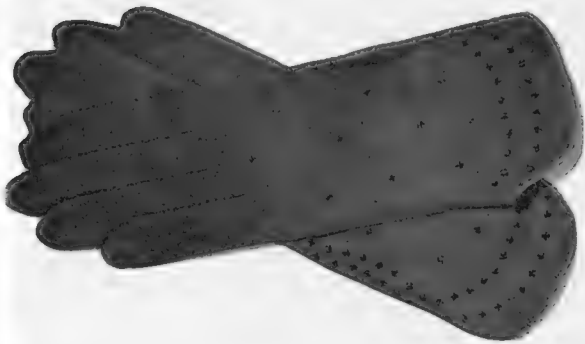




A most attractive evening bag in soft gazelle. The frame and clasp are in beautifully chased metalwork. It costs £47 5s., and is obtainable from Finnigans of Bond Street

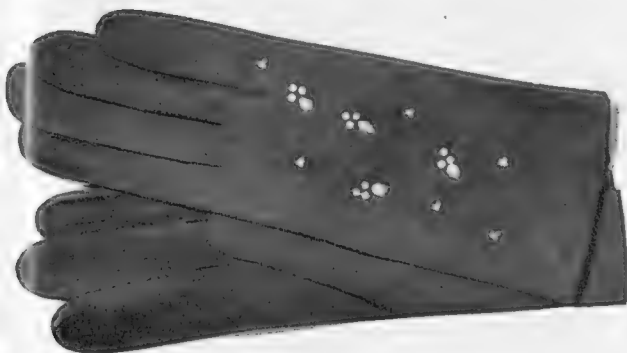


A most unusual suede "muff" bag, embroidered with braid in scrolls and loops. Price £65 7s. Black and white French pure silk scarf, £2 15s. From Fortnum & Mason



Black suede wrist length gloves studded with jet. From Fortnum & Mason at the price of £3 7s. 6d.

(Right) Unusual gilt metal peacock brooch, price £3 9s. 6d., earclips and bracelet to match, £3 9s. 6d. and £14 11s. respectively. Ruched long suede gloves, 7 gns. All from Fortnum & Mason



Also in black suede, these gloves are hand embroidered in gaily coloured beads. They cost £3 5s. at Fortnum & Mason

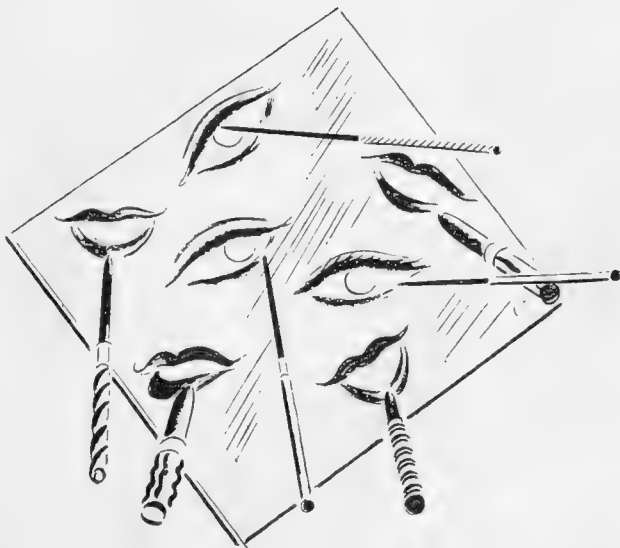


Rupert Eldridge  
The softly waving hair style seen here is by Dumas of Albemarle Street. The hair is worn long enough at the nape of the neck for a chignon to be added

## Beauty

# The flourish that revives you

Jean Cleland



THERE is about make-up a fascination—a sort of subtle magic—that rarely fails to arouse interest in women of all ages.

Talk to them of the more practical aspects of beauty culture—keeping the skin well nourished, massaging it in the right direction, and going regularly to a good chiropodist—and their enthusiasm is apt to lag. Turn to the question of cosmetics, and they revive like flowers that have had fresh water with a couple of aspirins thrown in. With few exceptions, their attitude is that of “tell me more.”

Let me then, while parties are still in full swing, with holidays just around the corner, tell you of some things that have been designed for feminine adornment, at home and abroad.

Helena Rubinstein, who can always be relied upon to produce something exciting and topical, has just at the right moment brought out a new waterproof lipstick. It really does last, and keeps its true colour, whether you swim, walk in the rain, or just have a drink. It does not dry your lips because it contains Nutrisol, a blend of the finest emollients known to the skin.

ITS four new shades provide a perfectly co-ordinated colour for every outfit. To prevent you going wrong, the lipsticks are named according to the colours you should wear them with. 1. Wear with all Red. 2. Wear with all Coral. 3. Wear with all Pink. 4. Wear with all Tan. With these four, you can ring the changes to go with any and every shade of dress in your wardrobe.

Harmonizing nail lacquers are teamed up to each of the four numbers, as follows: 1. “New York Red”; 2. “Torero Pink”; 3. “Sunny Coral”; 4. “Rose Tan.”

Interesting news from Eleanor Macdonald, director of Atkinsons of Bond Street, is of their new “Rose Theme,” which was worn with great success by the models who went on the Fashion Mission to Moscow. This “Theme” is very delicate, very flattering, and engagingly feminine. The rose effect is achieved by a new make-up just launched by Atkinsons. This consists of a tinted foundation cream, velvety as a rose petal, and a long-cling powder to tone with it. Together these give a translucent look to the skin, and a most becoming rosy glow is achieved. This is due, so I am told, to a new process of colour blending. The shades of the tinted foundation cream are Peach Rose, Softest Rose, Rose Rachel and Honey Rose.

SO many people appeal to me for something to keep their nail varnish from chipping, that I am truly pleased to be able to tell them of a new preparation designed for this very purpose by Revlon. This is a special base coat for the nails called “Superbase” and is, so Revlon’s inform me, the result of many years of research. Its outstanding features are that it helps the manicure to last very much longer, and that it gives a beautifully smooth finish. Best of all, it makes the enamel which goes on top extremely unlikely to peel off.

Finally, by the time this article appears, eight shades of Harriet Hubbard Ayer nail enamel will be in the shops.

This is the first time they have been available in Great Britain, and so that you may know what to look for when you are next on a shopping spree, here are the names: 1. “Transparent”; 2. “Quadrille”; 3. “Fandango”; 4. “Farandole”; 5. “Carioca”; 6. “Mazurka”; 7. “Charleston”; 8. “Flamenco.” If you want to match them with your make-up, the tie-up with the Harriet Hubbard Ayer lipsticks is in the following order: 1. “Carol Rose”; 2. “Pastel Rose”; 3. “Rose Rose”; 4. “Pinky Red”; 5. “Brilliant Red”; 6. “Mint Red”; 7. “Mint Rose” and 8. “Clear Ruby.”





## Fashion

NO. 22 'ESPADRILLE' (laced)  
An elegant beach shoe for men and ladies.

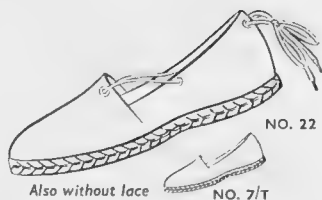
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For those who prefer a non-laced shoe.

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A charmingly slender shoe to flatter the feet.

All the above are available in plain colours—Red, Tan, Jasmine Yellow, Green, Black, White, Navy, Wine, Beige; in White polka dots on Red, Green or Blue; in multi-coloured Striped Denim with broad or narrow stripes and in 4 authentic Tartans. One price—13/11 per pair.

NO. 9 DECK SHOE For men or ladies, in Navy, White, Black, Beige, Red, Green, Tan and Wine, 15/9 per pair.

Prices do not include postage. If any difficulty, write for the name of your nearest stockist to Douglas Fraser & Sons Ltd.

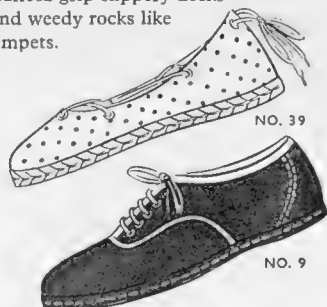


Also without lace

NO. 7/T

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NO. 39

NO. 9

*Baffeez*

ROPE SOLED SHOES

Brighten the Beach and Grip the Deck

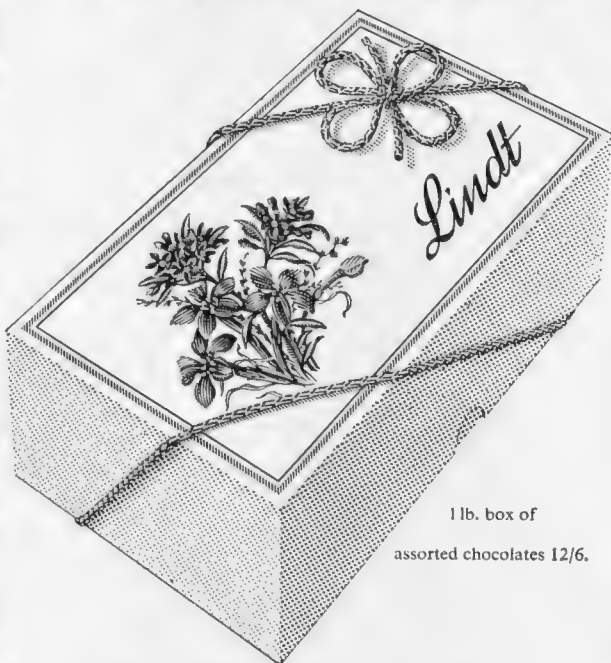


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## Motoring

# CARRIAGE-TRADE SQUEEZE

**M**OTOR cars are, to some extent, articles of household equipment. Many women find them as useful to that end as refrigerators and washing machines, and one can foresee in the not very distant future a demand that every Council house should have its own little motor car. As tradespeople become more pernickety about when and where they will deliver, so the person who runs a house makes increased demands upon the motor car for shopping and carrying goods. But note that the number of towns and villages in which it is practicable to use a car for shopping is rapidly diminishing, for it is necessary to be able to drive to the shops where purchases are to be made and to leave the car close to them. If the parking and waiting regulations are restrictive, the distance that must be covered on foot between parking place and shop may vitiate the expedition.

**I**N Manchester and Birmingham the car's value as a household implement is low; in London it is almost zero. The shopping districts are the very parts where the most rigorous parking prohibitions are applied. In the formulation of those prohibitions there is no evidence that the authorities ever thought of women drivers. Bond Street, for example, is a region above all others in the world where the waiting and parking of private cars should be allowed. Instead it is turned into a main artery and is pressurized to bursting point by buses which are much too big for it.

A rational survey of the functions fulfilled by the different streets would have dictated the exclusion of buses from Bond Street so that it could fulfil its primary duty of ministering to the needs of its own, specialist shoppers. Or, if buses were allowed at all in Bond Street, they should have been small, eight or ten



FROM EGYPT comes this speedy looking sports car, the 2-litre Phoenix type 2 SR 6

seaters. The present hypertrophied iron boxes which blunder along that narrow thoroughfare endanger those who walk to shop and exclude those who drive to shop.

May we plead that the authorities, when seeking to stop all stopping, should remember that, by stopping stopping, they are also stopping shopping? Nor should we have any truck with those politicians who seek to draw a priggish party line between "luxury" shopping and the rest. The design and construction of a diamond clip give work to people who deserve it as much as those who bash out dustbins.

**J**UST lately there has been great excitement because the fact has been rediscovered that, with sufficiently careful planning, many holiday places in Britain may be reached from the large cities by secondary routes comparatively free from traffic. The disadvantages of these detours, however, have not received a fair share of attention.

One drawback of travelling by secondary roads is that an exact time schedule is almost impossible. If a main road chokes up as a result of an accident or for any other reason, there will be immediate efforts by the police to free it. But a secondary road may be closed for hours. Again, where works are in progress, the provisions to keep the traffic moving will be rudimentary on the country lane, but relatively efficient on the main road.

A further point is that what appear to be country lanes on the map may be the sites of vast building or bull-dozing activities when they are visited. Battling with contractors' lorries in country lanes is even more unpleasant than on the open road. Remember that it is always the most delightful stretch of unspoilt country that is selected by the authorities for establishing an aerodrome, or a military training ground or a building estate. Therefore do not expect too much from detours, however enticing they may look on the map.

**Y**ET again I am asked the question: My car has flashing light indicators of the high intensity type, do I still have to give hand signals? I have written separately to my questioner going into the matter at some length; but here I would like to put the answer shortly.

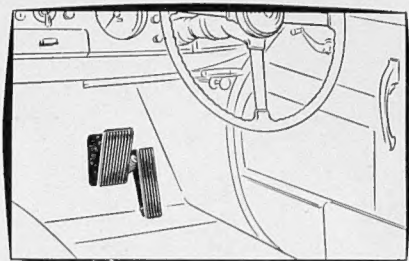
It is my own opinion that hand signals should *not* be given when mechanical signals of an efficient type are used. But this is not the official view. Moreover I qualify my own view to this extent: that if the driving mirror indicates that the man behind does not appear to have noticed the mechanical signal, it must be amplified by a hand signal. The official view, that hand signals must always be given, is important mainly to those who are undergoing a driving test.

It would be better, however, if it were laid down that, where mechanical signals are given, hand signals should be avoided. That would sharpen the attention of drivers and make them realize that they must watch for other things besides a flapping hand.

—*Oliver Stewart*



NEVILLE COHEN, twenty-three year old disabled graduate from South Africa who has travelled overland from Johannesburg to London by Hillman Minx and wheelchair, meets the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd



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## DINING IN

# Strawberry time

HOPEFULLY I write about strawberries because, if we are lucky, there should be a good crop. In the interval of writing and the appearance of these notes, all will depend upon the sun.

Choose really ripe but dry berries and, when buying them, look under the top layer in the punnet, for my experience is that the little ones are underneath. There is nothing wrong with little strawberries but, when they are stunted and faulty, I must say that I do resent them.

Once during the season, at least, Strawberry Flan is a "must" and, for it, your own good flour or sweet flan pastry is the best one. A useful formula is 6 oz. plain flour, a pinch of salt and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 oz. butter rubbed into them. Mix in a dessertspoon of icing sugar and bind with the yolk of an egg and enough water to make a dough soft enough to roll out without cracks. Wrap in greaseproof paper and leave for an hour.

Roll out. Place a  $7\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flan ring on a baking-sheet and line it with the pastry, pressing and flattening it well to the metal underneath. This will prevent the pastry rising. Prick the bottom. Line the inside with greaseproof paper and fill with butter beans or bread crusts. Bake for 15 minutes at 400 degs. Fahr. Remove the filling and paper, brush over with beaten egg and return to the oven to finish baking. (This brushing with egg will provide a nice barrier between the pastry and a moist filling.)

MEANWHILE cut in half enough red-fleshed strawberries to fill the flan. Sprinkle them with caster sugar and the juice of an orange and leave for the juices to flow. Mash 3 to 4 oz. ripe strawberries or raspberries. Add about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water and sweeten them to taste. Bring to the boil and simmer for a few minutes. Rub through a fine nylon sieve and drain the liquor from the strawberries into it. Blend  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of arrowroot with a tablespoon of cold water. Stir into the purée and boil up, when it will clear.

Arrange the halved berries in the flan, cut side down and overlapping, so that they are built up deeply. Sprinkle with a teaspoon or so of Grand Marnier and pour the strawberry sauce over them. And there you have a simple but very delicious flan.

Try, too, Strawberries Cardinal, which are simply very ripe berries coated with fresh raspberry sauce, with split blanched almonds scattered on top. The strawberries are better for being slightly chilled. The sauce (for 4 persons) is made this way: Mash and sweeten to taste  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. each ripe raspberries and red currants. Add, perhaps, 4 to 5 tablespoons water. Simmer together, then pass through a fine nylon sieve. Chill the sauce and pour it over the strawberries. Add the almonds—and that is all. Yes—cream, if you like, but it is not necessary.

ICED Strawberry-Raspberry Mousse is a wonderfully good frozen sweet. For this, I prefer to use crushed and sieved strawberry and raspberry purée, warmed just enough (without water) to start the juices flowing. Pass them through a sieve, just fine enough to catch the raspberry seeds.

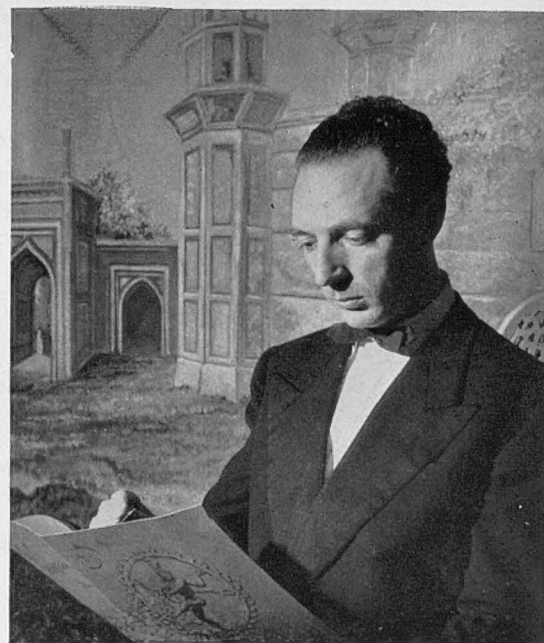
For 5 to 6 people, you will need about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. fruit and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint double cream. Whip the cream and 4 to 5 tablespoons icing sugar until the cream is barely beginning to thicken. Then, pouring in the cold purée in a very thin stream, whip until you realize that the cream cannot really take any more. Too much liquid will result in ice crystals in the cream. Turn into an aluminium tray and freeze. Meanwhile, simmer the remaining purée with a little sugar, then chill it.

Turn out, pour the remaining purée over the sweet and serve. Add, if liked, a little Kirsch or Grand Marnier to the purée. It is a rich sweet, so serve with it very dry biscuits or those very good Gaufrettes Feuilletée we get in tins from France.

—Helen Burke



OTELLO of the famous Indian restaurant Veeraswamy's in Swallow Street, was literally born into the hotel business in his father's hotel on the Adriatic coast. He came to England in 1949, was at the Savoy for five years, arranged for the opening and managed the Pinnocchio and joined Veeraswamy's last year



Ivon de Wynter

## DINING OUT

# Boldness pays

WHEN I received a review copy of *Be Bold In Your Kitchen* I telephoned the Editor and said that the office had made a mistake and that this was "Dining In" not "Out," and that my colleague Helen Burke should have been the recipient. He informed me that there was no mistake; that Helen Burke had all the courage required in her kitchen; and that as it was inevitable that I must dine "in" sometimes, it was my kitchen at home where incentives to adventure would probably be appreciated, so I set off in search of courage.

I took a great delight in reading the opening paragraph in a loud clear voice to my wife who had just suggested that it would save a lot of bother if we went up to our "local" for supper. Here it is:

The woman who wants to be happy and has no feeling for cooking had better stay single. If she marries, at least a quarter of her time will be spent in the kitchen, busy at the thousand details of that most ingenious of all the arts, the art of cooking.

so let all future brides read, mark, learn and ensure that their husband's meals can be inwardly digested.

By the time I had got half-way through this very diverting volume I had learnt that there were a vast number of things I required in my kitchen before I could start to be bold, one of them being a wine cellar. "Poach Eggs in Red Wine," it suggests, and the first thing you have to do is "Boil down a bottle of Beaujolais till only a quarter of its volume remains, then in go the eggs."

A NICE simple little dish is "Champagne Mackerel." All you have to do is to lay them out in a row in an oven dish, cover them with rings of onion, carrots, garlic, cloves, bay leaf, thyme and other herbs, pour over all this a bottle of champagne and a glass of vinegar! (vinegar with wine sounds odd to me), cook in the oven until "the liquor trembles on the point of boiling," let this cool, and eight hours later you can serve your mackerel in champagne jelly.

Here is how you make "Sauce Merveilleuse" which they say "brings out the excellence of roast hare admirably"—and so, I think you will agree it should:

Put a slice of fine York ham into a saucepan with a piece of butter, six onions, a garlic clove, thyme, bay leaf, six white peppercorns, parsley stalks, a leaf of fresh mint, a glass of consommé, two glasses of white wine, a small glass of brandy, two spoonfuls of vinegar and a pinch of salt. Reduce this to one glassful only, pass through a tammy cloth, and serve in a sauce boat.

Joking apart this is an admirable book written in narrative form in a typically gay French manner, and well deserving of the accolade it received as "the best cookery book of the year" from the Club des Cent in its original French edition. The adventures we have shared with it have greatly relieved the humdrum of our normal routine and we are becoming "bolder every day." (*Be Bold In Your Kitchen* by Marie-Paule Pomaret and Hélène Cingria, translated by Clement Freud and Aidan Philip: Max Parrish, London, 15s.)

—I. Bickerstaff



Was 5d  
the price of fame?

TC9B

What makes one man trust another? Such small points come into it. This young reporter, for instance, hopes to gain an interview with a visiting musician noted for his shyness. To break the ice, he offers a cigarette. It's the kind he prefers—5d. more for 20, but he doesn't grudge that. And what luck! The great man knows and likes them too.

So he gets an interview he hardly expected. Could "Three Castles" have had something to do with it? Did those extra five pennies perhaps buy *more* than very good cigarettes? The confidence of a great man . . . success . . . who knows?

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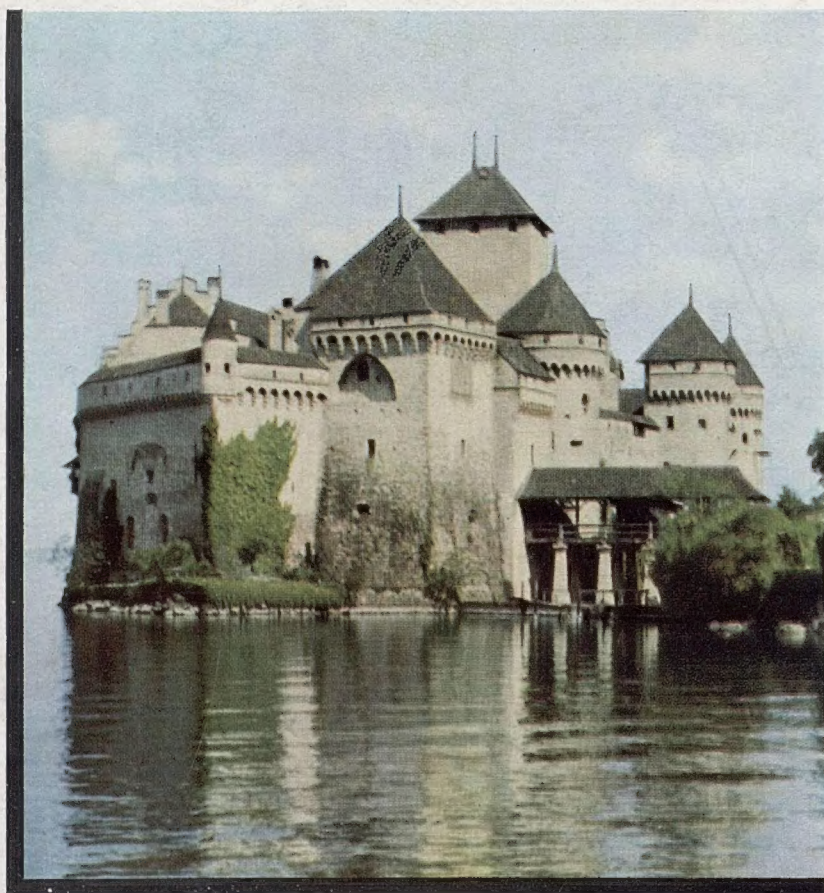
**Charles Heidsieck**  
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